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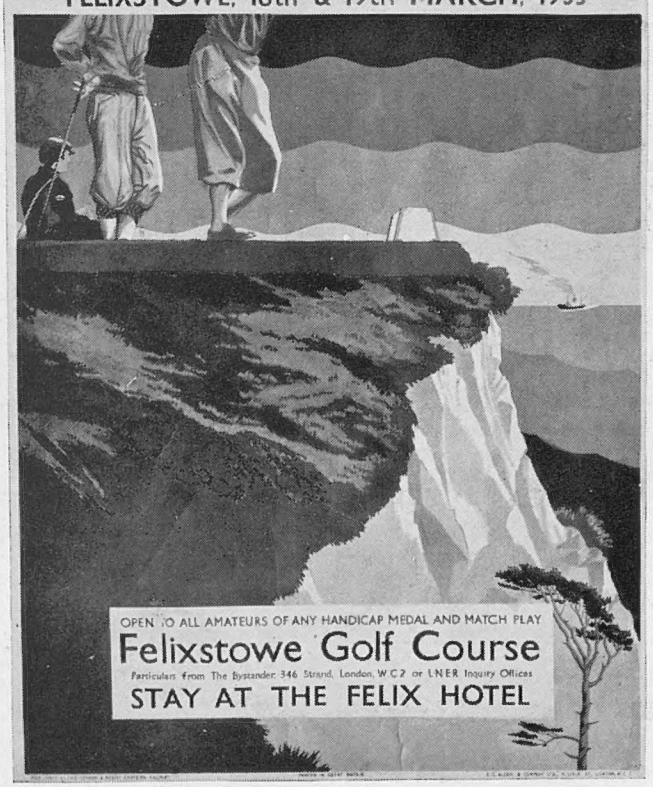

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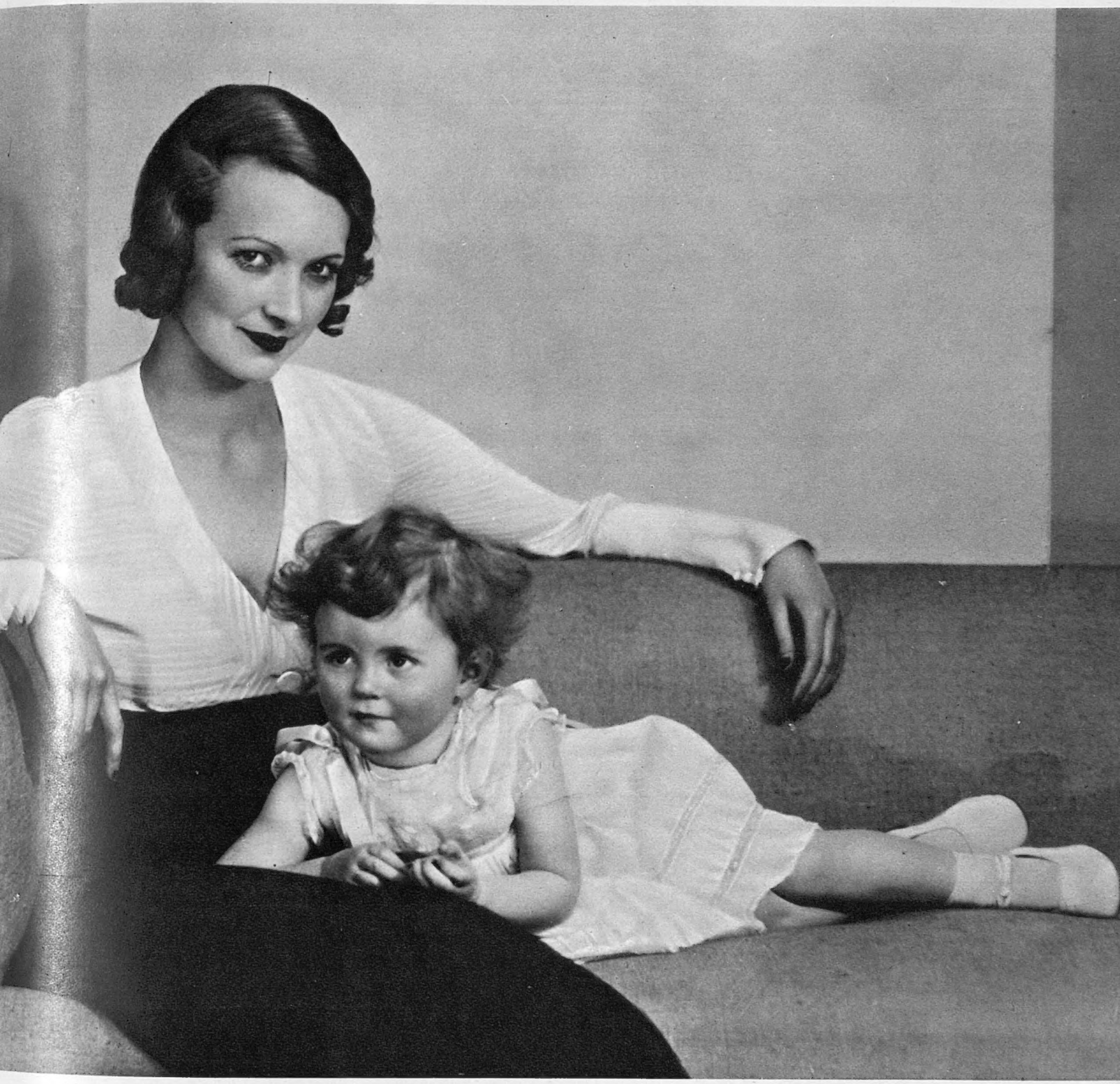


Dorothy Wilding

MRS. VYVYAN DRURY AND ROMAYNE

A new photograph of Mrs. Vyvyan Drury and her small daughter, Romayne, who is a most fascinating person, and already understands the art of looking her best for the camera. Mrs. Drury, before her marriage in 1929, was Miss Essex French, and is a sister of Lady Brougham and Vaux

Lord and Lady Cromwell watch the numbers go up before the big race of the day

Another second-day photograph from the Ascot of Steeplechasing: Lord Stavordale and the Hon. Esmé Glyn, obviously exchanging good news

Above is Lady Maud Baillie on her way to the paddock; and above on the right in a cheerful-looking group are Mrs. Smyth-Ryland, Major and Mrs. Phipps Hornby and Miss Daly; they must have won a lot of money, or heard a good story

CHELTENHAM:

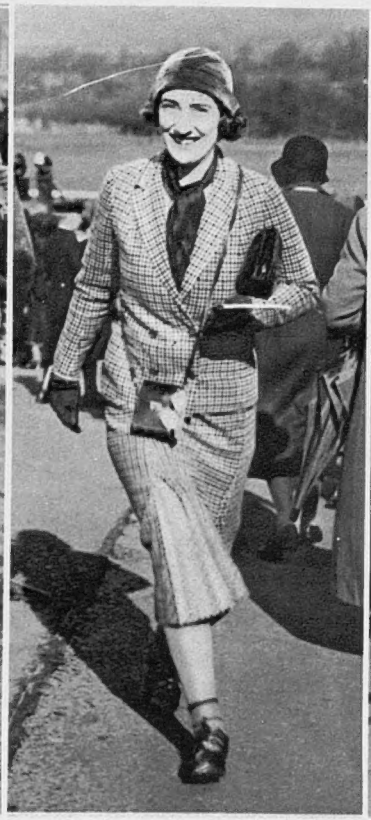
The National Hunt Meeting

Below: Lady Warrender walking round with Lord Londesborough, who oughtn't to miss seeing any of the fun on any part of the course through his large-size race-glasses

Lady Gage was one of the many women who wore check suits; checks are almost the racing uniform at the moment, and Cheltenham certainly was not an exception

Three more in the said "uniform," which, however, allows more scope for choice than many fashions: Miss Evelyn Rennie, Miss Angelin Rennie and Lady Essex

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, who looks as if she couldn't quite make up her mind about the next race, "which" or "how much"



Almost the only regular missing from Cheltenham last week was the east wind which usually blows there; among those who rejoiced in its absence were Lady Angela Scott (above, left), Captain and Mrs. Robert Faulkner, and the trio on the right, Mrs. Tony Moon, Mr. Phil Cripps, and Lord Ashley

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

MAYFAIR is becoming full once again of sunburnt people back from cruises in the West Indies. On Saturday the Arandora Star returned with Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord Rendlesham, and others. Lord Jersey celebrated his birthday during the cruise, and gave a series of parties ashore. He also took his first flight in an aeroplane.

ANOTHER returned "cruiser" is Lord Curzon, who was on the Laconia, like the Weigalls. We met at Mr. David Rhys's stag party, and he was full of the delights of St. Lucia, Bermuda, and so on. During the cruise he had tasted flying fish and other strange dishes, and thoroughly enjoyed himself at "Sloppy Joe's."

THE stag party was a great success and was given in a private room at Quaglino's. Lord Long of Wraxall was there and Lord O'Neill and Mr. Frank Pakenham were the only absentees. Lord Mornington, Lady Anne Wellesley's brother, seemed in good form, and everyone signed menu cards like mad.

ONE or two topical dishes figured in the menu, such as béhargue à la Strathfieldsaye, and there was a soufflet à la Dynevor. There was also a lot to drink, and the Western Brothers to sing, and Mr. Charles Rhys and Mr. Niall Rankin to make speeches, so that it all went on for some time.

ONE of the guests, Mr. Peter Cazalet, is going to ride in the Grand National. Another was Mr. David Colville, who was so recently married himself. Mr. Shaw Kennedy wore the best moustache. Brian Franks, like our host, represented the hotel industry, and Mr. Tatham counted up the number of times he has been an usher until he could scarcely believe it himself.

THE same evening, the Embassy Club broke a five-years' rule and imported a cabaret act—Mr. Joseph Wagstaff, from the Sutton Club of New York. Mr. Wagstaff is getting a very large

Two of the Lygon sisters walk round together: Lady Lettice Cotterell, whose check suit was one of the neatest at the Meeting, and Lady Sibell Lygon

salary, and is said to have a very large répertoire. He sang very nicely, his most topical song for the Americans present being "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

SELDOM has the Embassy chatter been so completely stilled as when he sang, and when an unwary guest spoke audibly, he was shushed from all parts of the room simultaneously. In the same way, just before the end of each song, you could see everybody getting their hands ready to clap.

TWO notable invalids at the moment are Lord Bearsted and Miss Frances Day. The latter is dangerously ill, we are told, which is bad luck on her, just when she had been chosen for a star part in Charlot's new revue. Lord Bearsted is in Lady Carnarvon's nursing-home, from which Mr. Johnny Circuitt has recently emerged.

CHELTENHAM Races definitely affected the number of people lunching in the West End during the week. But those who went wore such loud clothes you could practically hear them in Bond Street and play draughts on them between races at Cheltenham. One girl wore a red, white and blue tweed of astonishing hues. Others were in green and beige, red and white, and so on.

IT was, of course, a field day for Miss Dorothy Paget when she led in Insurance and Golden Miller for her double "double." The weather was gloriously warm, and those women who wore fur coats, like Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, must have felt rather sorry for themselves.

PRINCESS CARAMAN DE CHIMAYE and her sister, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, are both back in London after a journey over from Paris which neither of them are likely to forget in a hurry. It is good news that the Chinese - Japanese clash, so far from being harmful to Sir Jock Jardine's business, is actually beneficial, as all Japanese goods are naturally taboo.

THESE pay - for - drinks parties, originated by Mr. Edward Tatham and others a few weeks ago, are an excellent way of collecting money for charities. There have been several recently. One of them, given in Park Street, had Miss Pamela Ostrer, a very pretty débutante of this year, and Miss Jessie Matthews as the hostesses. Drinks were half - a - crown each, but for ten shillings you could drink as much as you liked. As drinks were of generous proportions and neither the gin nor the brandy was spared, wise people did not go the limit.

All sitting out round an aeroplane at the recent Oxford University Air Squadron dance; the group includes Miss Ann Godfrey, A. C. A. Wright, J. D. Warden, Miss M. Booth, W. Chassels, Miss J. Plummer, G. A. Strauss, R. Gunn-Sandison, Miss T. Van den Berg, F. Ducker, Miss M. Spenston, A. J. Young, Miss M. Jeffrey, Miss J. Dampier, R. L. Charlesworth, J. Briscoe, L. Fearnehough, Miss P. Peters, Miss Salmond, and Mrs. Park

ONE of the guests was Lord Moore, who has gone in for journalism, but has been original enough to get a berth on a financial daily instead of as the gossip-writer of a Sunday newspaper. He seems to enjoy the work very much.

ANOTHER pay-for-your-drinks party was given at Lady Allendale's house. Several of the elder women wore those fez hats. Lady Lavery was in a striking mixture—or is it ensemble?—of black and white. The Duchess of Marlborough was in black.

TO revert to our returned wanderers, Miss Marjorie Glasgow has come back from the United States—not a minute too soon, to judge by the bank news—and Sir Harry McGowan from a long business tour in the East. John Masefield has also just returned from a lecture tour in the United States. He gave a number of interviews and so was not subjected to the headline accorded to the late Robert Bridges when Poet Laureate—"King's Canary Won't Chirp."

THERE are fashions in honeymoons as there are in everything else. Mr. Ralph Cobbold, who is marrying Miss Veronica Christie Miller on April 6th, is going to Estoril, near Lisbon. He will probably be followed by other young couples, though they will not be in so lucky a position as Mr. Cobbold, whose associations with the wine business will enable him and his bride to stay as guests of the leading sherry shippers at Jerez.

MEANTIME, his colleague in Pall Mall, Mr. Edward Tatham, will be unable, after all, to go and stay with the Fleet, in view of the illness of the senior partner. This is a great pity, as many of us were looking forward to hearing "Eddie's" witticisms on the subject of the Silent Service, pink guns, and all that kind of thing.

COCKTAIL-TIME at Quaglino's on Wednesday was quite amusing for those who were waiting for their guests or hosts. Miss Gertrude Lawrence came in very punctually at half-past one and sat for quite a quarter of an hour examining sketches and patterns of dresses, as well as little scraps of music, while she waited for Miss Auriol Lee, who, when she did arrive, swept in to luncheon as if she had not got a minute to spare for such trifles as food, which was rather amusing, because they were the last people to leave the restaurant. Miss Lawrence was, as usual, the smartest woman in the room. She wore a black coat and skirt and a black and white striped shirt, and a little white straw hat. The prettiest woman in the room by far was Mrs. Cecil Pim, in platinum grey. Lady Furness was lunching at another table with her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Miss Angela Henderson, daughter of the late Lt.-General Sir David Henderson and Lady Henderson, O.B.E., and Mr. Hamish Stewart Peter, the late Mr. John Stewart Peter's son, leaving Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, after their wedding

Chaliapin in London

The Recital at the Albert Hall

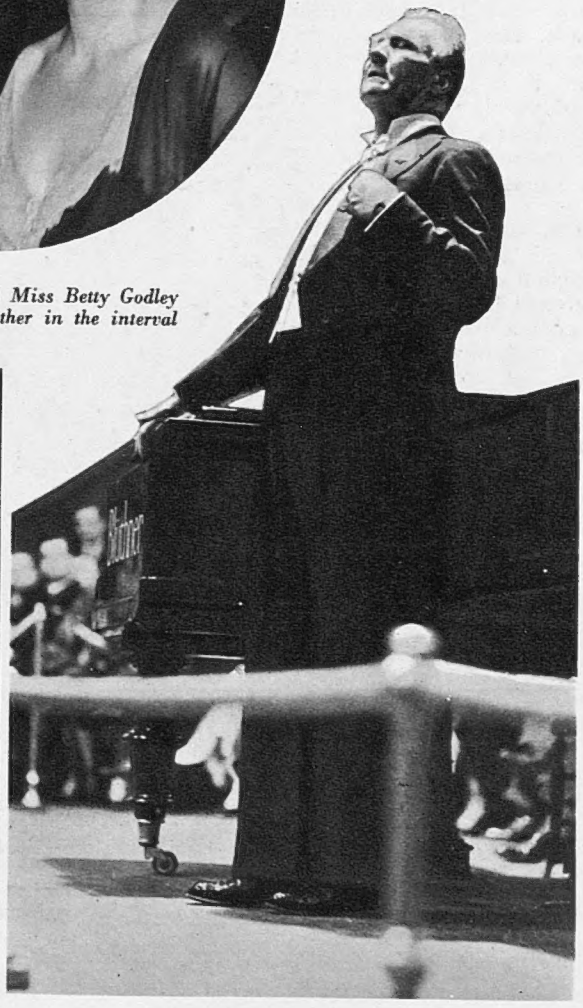
The Albert Hall when M. Chaliapin sings there looks very much like Covent Garden during the opera season; four of the brilliant audience there last week were Mrs. G. Davis-Stacey, Mrs. Edward Stoneham, Mme. Cotten, the French prima donna, and Princess Asfayilma

Mr. Paul Robeson, the famous singer of negro songs, went to the Albert Hall with his wife to hear the great Russian

Captain Frank Covell and Miss Betty Godley smoking and talking together in the interval

Above: Mr. Wallis Sanders and Mrs. Kegwin, better known as Kitty Shannon, were photographed on their way to their seats

Right: Mrs. John Gilliat and the Hon. Brenda Pearson were two more of the huge audience which gave Chaliapin a wildly enthusiastic reception



A photograph of the great singer himself during the recital making magic for his thousands of listeners. During the evening he sang an extract from the film he has just made of the story of Don Quixote

A Racing Reverie:

Cheltenham Chatter

By "Regular"

CHELTENHAM was thrilling. Nobody can deny that; in fact, there were more thrills packed into the three days there than in all the rest of the steeplechasing season put together.

BY far the greatest thrill that came my way was when I arrived on the course on the second day, and a "lovely," grasping her young man by the arm, pointed at me and, with an excited scream, exclaimed: "Look, sweetie; that 's 'Caviare.'" To which Sweetie replied: "Gosh, how thrilling! Let 's follow him and see what he does when he meets Lord Donegall."

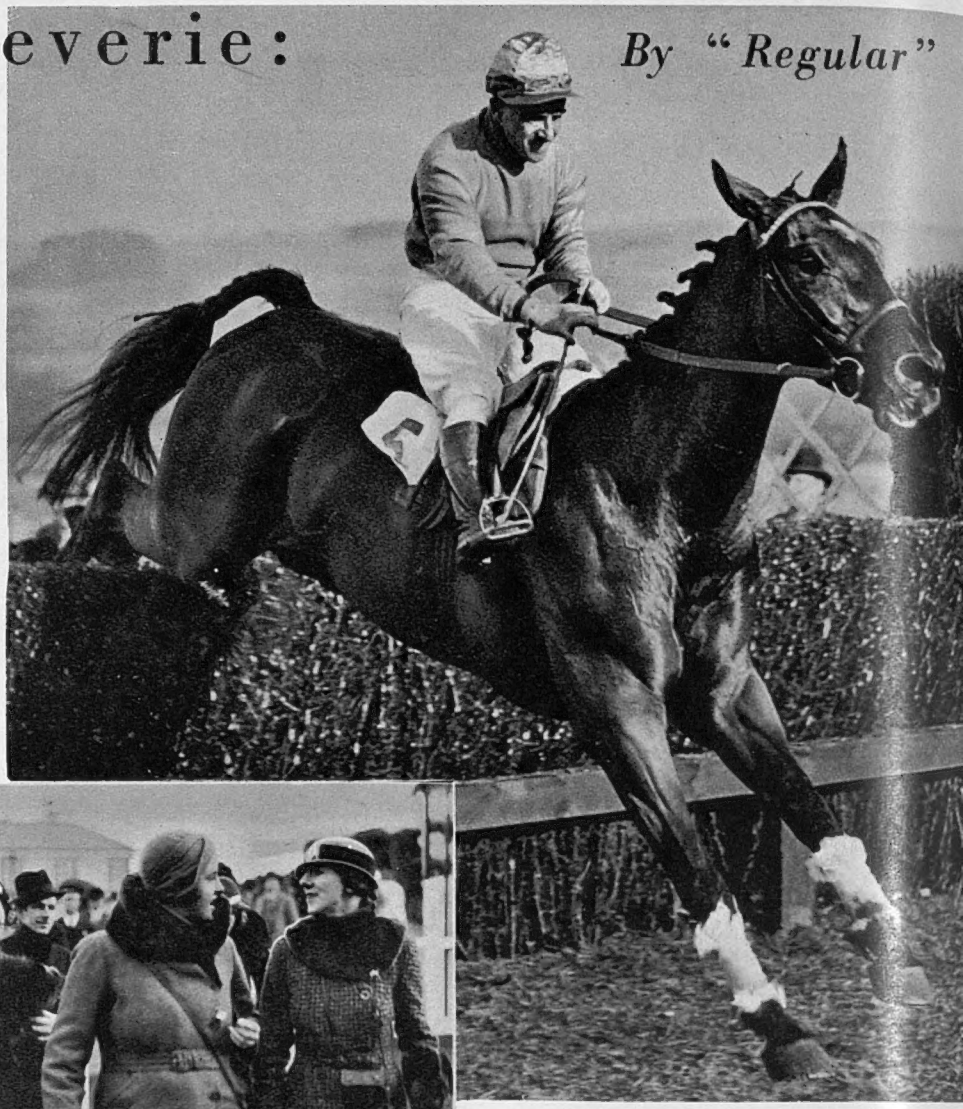
COMPARED with that bit of excitement, the racing was, of course, comparatively tame; but I must confess that I got a great kick out of that as well. In fact, I got a number of kicks, and although the ha'pence persistently eluded me, I suppose I mustn't complain, as, after the wishy-washy stuff that 's been served up to us all the winter on Park courses, it was worth losing one's money to be thrilled again.

THE two big thrills on the opening day were provided by Insurance and Golden Miller, and those of us who aren't afraid to lay odds, were as pleased as Punch, and talked very big about loving to see a good horse win—when we 've backed it!

BEFORE I go any further, I 'm going to give another pat on the back to Basil Briscoe for a very remarkable training feat. Golden Miller and Insurance, apart from their racing ability, pay tribute to Briscoe's ability by reason of their beautiful coats. Is it impertinent to suggest that Miss Paget should allow her trainer to take hers in hand?

EVERY time Briscoe wins a race—which he does two or three times a week—it must be a pain in the neck to those wizards of the Turf down at Newmarket who used to patronise him and treat him as if he wasn't quite all there when he was learning the game with Jack Leader, a few years ago.

HARKING back to Golden Miller and Insurance,



The Hon. Dorothy Paget's Golden Miller, with W. Stott up, comes over the last fence in the Cheltenham Gold Cup, which he won by ten lengths

The Hon. Dorothy Paget (centre) with Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, after her double double; her two horses, Insurance and Golden Miller, won the Champion Challenge Cup and the Cheltenham Gold Cup for the second year in succession

Mrs. Michael Hornby, who was all in brown, and her sister, Lady Stavordale, who was wearing grey-blue tweeds, came over to the race-meeting in the same party

Three of the Cheltenham "lovelies" who look as if they 'd backed a winner: Miss Barclay, Lady O'Neill, and Miss Laura Charteris, her sister

Below: Loppy Lad (21), Mr. G. Russell up, well to the front over the first fence in the United Hunts' Challenge Cup

Death or Glory: That Formidable First Fence

while the former won like all horses ought to when we 've laid the odds, the latter only got there after a great struggle, and a deal of pushing and shoving on the part of the one and only Billy Stott, who, in dash and ability to make a beaten horse pull out a little bit more, is as far ahead of his rivals as Gordon Richards is on the flat.

JUST in case you think I don't know, I will tell you that I am well aware that the previous paragraph will annoy quite a lot of people, and I shall be quite disappointed if I don't get letters from "Old School," "Indignant," and "Father of Twelve" telling me I 'm talking out of my hat.

PERSONALLY, though, I am quite content to judge people on the results they achieve. Stott and Richards are miles the most successful jockeys, so I maintain they are miles the best.

To make out that Carslake, Childs and Co. are better than Richards is like saying that the best innings was not played by the man who made a hundred, but by the man who made eight.

HOWEVER, I am getting away from Cheltenham. Apart from the two big races on the opening day, the most popular win was that of the Irishman, Cobequid, owned and trained by that shrewd young man, Roddy More O'Ferrall.

"RODDY 's got thousands on his horse," I heard a "lovely" exclaim; and although I venture to believe that she was exaggerating a little, I have every reason to believe that he, Rory, Frankie, and several Welldons all had a nice little "touch."

RODDY MORE O'FERRALL, to look at, is a typical "Deb's Delight," which I am sure he is. He is, however, a great deal more than that—a very accomplished trainer.

I WAS told to back Mr. Gandhi in the United Hunt's Challenge Cup, but before they 'd gone more than about a furlong, I wished they 'd kept him locked up with his Hindu namesake, for of all the horrible jumpers I 've seen for a long time commend me to Mr. Gandhi; and if anyone wanted to make me particularly miserable, they could give me a day's hunting on Mr. Gandhi.

NATIONAL HUNT DAY was a packet of fun: glorious weather, large fields, good finishes, and many heroic exhibitions of horsemanship. I watched the big race from near the first fence, and was full of admiration for the pluck of those twenty-odd young gentlemen who went at it as if it wasn't there.

EVEN stronger is my admiration for those who went at some of the later fences in this fashion. Their mounts were stone cold, and it was a pound to a bun on them hitting the floor, which most of them did. Fortunately, however, apart from Mr. Anstruther Gray, who broke his collar-bone, no one was hurt.

MOST of us never backed a winner till the last race, and I have seldom seen so many people trying to get out over one horse. Ready Cash (lovely name!) was the medium, and I saw Lady Kimberley and Lady Stavordale, to mention only two of the innumerable good-looking punters present, giving Tommy Graves and Co. a bit of the Ready Cash which they usually like so much—but not this time as, fortunately, the good thing came up for us, and we all went home happy.

Lady Helen Primrose, Lord Rosebery's daughter, and Mrs. Gerald Verney walking round together on the first day of the Cheltenham Meeting

Two more first-day photographs at Cheltenham: the trio at the top, Mrs. Tony Bellville, Mrs. Smith-Bingham, and Mrs. Fox-Pitt, are taking the thing very seriously; and so are Mr. Laycock and Miss Jean Crichton, below

"Jolly Roger," at the Savoy Theatre

Bold Ben Blister (George Robey), sitting on the rum cask, tells the Bloody Pirate (Scott Russell) just where he gets off, to the annoyance of Sir Roderick Venom (Gavin Gordon), the consternation of Sir William Rowlocks (Percy Heming), the amusement of Jolly Roger (Victor Orsini), seen on the right, and the admiration of —

Robey, Ahoy!

"Jolly Roger" (Savoy)

I THINK we can take it that this honest-to-British comic opera lives up to its title. It is jolly—very jolly indeed. A musical critic, whose word I take as law, said the music was charming. Quite underivative and so delightfully scored. I respectfully agree with these tributes to Walter Leigh's musicianship. Some very charming operettas have drawn us to Hammersmith, and Mr. Leigh is an individualist who can be grave and gay, sincere or mock-sentimental, and always with style and distinction. Nevertheless, I humbly suggest that the modern score, with its light airs and graceful snippets, might with advantage give us more melodious meat to get our teeth into.

ANYWAY, Mr. Leigh's delectable bits and pieces are the genuine article; the book, by Scobie Mackenzie and V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, is—"as you might say"—jolly, and the latter's lyrics have the necessary graces and gusto to cover the ground between a lyrical madrigal and a comic song ("As you might say") for George Robey. Having turned his usual cartwheel, and threatened the audience with his eyebrows into complete submission, this master of the pregnant pause and the contemptuous stare must please tell us what he *can't* do. Any actor who has to sing a song or get on with the plot while our George (in a naughtical bowler) is around, has his work cut out. I found myself waiting for his next appearance and wondering meanwhile whether the story of the villainous Governor of Jamaica and his puritanical pirates, who kidnapped the breezy Admiral and his innocent daughter, was quite so witty and entertaining as it might have been. I seemed to remember that Savoyards still set much store by Penzance. . .

I ALSO remembered Gavin Gordon's soldier-villain in *The Pride of the Regiment*, and was glad to find him again doing the full honours of burlesque. He has a pretty taste in exaggerated gesture and moustachios that positively sneer. Percy Heming is in form as a vigorous and vocal Admiral, and Scott Russell, ex-Hammersmith, has just the wistfulness for a Bloody Pirate Chief with a non-conformist conscience. Sara Allgood, of course, should be adorning something tremendously tragic and Irish, but is very welcome here, and Muriel Angelus, as the too-innocent maiden, sings quite pleasantly.

TRINCULO.

—Governess Flora Pott (Sara Allgood) and Amelia (Muriel Angelus)

The Hands of Sydney Howard

Eloquence without Speech

Insured for £20,000, Sydney Howard's hands appear able to express any and every emotion either on stage or screen. It has often been said of an actor that he has more expression in his little finger than others have in their whole anatomy, and in the case of Sydney Howard, comedian, this is as true as most exaggerations

Above: Mr. Sydney Howard gives greeting. Here is the manual accompaniment to the most courtly of bows. Right: our theatrical cartoonist's idea of more than the comedian's hands

Arranged by W. D. Omand

Above, left: a somewhat negative pose concealing thoughts. Above, right: emphatically declaring, "I know I'm right." Left: a cordial handshake. Left, below: a reproachful "Why didn't you do what you promised?" Below: shocked, yes horribly shocked at some friend's misfortune, or even worse. Right: a greeting to a friend which is a compliment to the recipient

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

Swaebe

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Eric Martin Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Rex Hartley all went to the Comedy Theatre together to see the Spring Edition of "Ballyhoo," in which Hermione Baddeley, as a Destitute Débutante, still says she writes this page

Below: Miss Jeanne Stourton taking a Sunday walk in the Park with Mr. Angus Malcolm, and so starting yet another rumour about her engagement

I REALLY am keeping to my Lenten resolutions. I've given up making remarks about Mrs. Gulbenkian, Mr. Eric Hatry, Mr. John Hopwood, the Countess de Pret Roose. R.I.P. (pro tem.).

CORRESPONDENTS say I mention Lady Mount Temple too often. It is no use—one can't ignore her wonderful good looks, her good figure, her charm, when she wishes to be charming, her modern but so good taste in dress and in decoration, her energy, and her extraordinary capacity for being here, there, and everywhere. I shall continue to mention her.

TALKING of figures, which of our mannequin beauties of to-day will have a figure like Delysia in their forties? Mrs. Rex Colclough's dimpled shoulders will survive age, and the Countess Bosdari carries her head with Edwardian dignity. But, oh, my dear, what strange hips some of the others have!

THERE was a crooked man who had a crooked smile,
He found a crooked brunette to love him for a while.
She was a crooked cat . . .

THE marriage will not take place between a young man—not so very tall—and an ex-married well-known.

MAJOR HUMPHREY BUTLER has an amusing face, and I mean that nicely. It shows character and a large sense of humour. His wife is a dear, and has a great many real friends, all of whom say charming and flattering things about her. Yes, that is the truth!

THE length of skirts in the evening varies a good deal. Mrs. Claude Leigh shows her well-shod feet; Lady Peggy Hoare generally wears a small train; Lady Seafield's dresses just reveal her crimson toe-nails in her favourite sandals; and Lady Mary Grey has a convenient length for dancing.

LADY CARISBROOKE has a sympathetic nature which not only makes her many friends, but also invites many confidences. She is sweet, in the nicest and best sense of the word. She has the royal knack of never forgetting an acquaintance.

MRS. BLEW JONES, the vivacious sister of lovely Mrs. Dudley Ward, is making strenuous efforts to revive decorated heads. She has wreaths to match her dresses, one of coral beads being particularly attractive. Wreaths don't suit everyone. I like Sheila Berry best without one; but for Diana Chamberlain the addition is an improvement; and for Sylvia Regis de Oliveira.

GOOD luck to the ambitions of a very nice young man. Why not? And I do hope he gets "it."

TWO charming sisters—
Zena and Phyllis Dare.
Two charming people—
Lady Anne Wellesley and David Rhys.
Two charming "marrieds"—Lady Brownlow and Mrs. Loel Guinness.

HAVE you seen—
Lady Mendl's Grecian curls?
Mrs. Simon Hartog's gloves?
Gertrude Lawrence's hair?
Lady Ravensdale's ear-rings?

LORD DERBY is one of the most popular men in England, and, incidentally, one of the best-known. He and Lord Lonsdale are our most representative sportsmen. Few people are unfamiliar with Lord Lonsdale's bright canary-coloured cars, and few people see them without wanting to cheer.

BEAUTIFUL Mayfair is becoming brainy. Lady Melchett, with her unusual looks, which artists love to paint, has been writing a book. Mme. Vladimir Provatoroff, whom we remember more easily as Waveney Trew, and whose loveliness is indisputable, has finished a play. I hope both efforts achieve great success.

WHO'S who?
Mayfair's most faithful affaire du cœur?
The Embassy Cat (note capitals)?
The Sphinx?
A lamb led to the altar?
The leech?

MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER'S activities are various and intelligent. She is so busy her friends often find her vague where amusement is concerned. She loves music; she can write; she dances (we have all seen her in "Hiawatha"); she is a devoted mother, with a clever taste in house decoration. Not a bad recommendation for a "society hostess"!

THINGS I have liked—
Mrs. Pim's white chiffon evening dress.
Mrs. Sitwell's ear-rings.
Mrs. John Barran's fair hair.
June's happy smile

Children's Hour

The Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness with Jonathan and Desmond

On the Nursery Slopes

Jonathan, who was born in 1930, and Desmond, who will be two this year, are delighted when their mother accepts an invitation to a nursery tea party—that most imaginative of meals—and later on are just as delighted to go downstairs with her until bedtime. The Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness, who is Lord Redesdale's third daughter, married the Hon. Bryan Guinness, Lord Moyne's elder son, in 1929. Their London house is a most attractive one in Cheyne Walk, and they have a house down in Wiltshire, near Andover, as well

Photographs by Swaebe

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides By "Big Ben"

Mr. Anthony Eden, M.P., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whose report on the lengthy Disarmament Conference fluttered the Cabinet dovecot

The Hon. Oliver Stanley (son of the Earl of Derby), M.P. for Westmorland since 1924, the new Minister of Transport—a very popular appointment

The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, M.P. for Hendon, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. He was previously President of the Board of Trade

THE crisis in the United States swamped everything else last week. Even Hitler lost most of his limelight. The result of it all seems to be that Mr. Roosevelt has made himself dictator of his country, though not, perhaps, quite so spectacularly as Hitler has done in Germany, yet none the less effectively.

HALF the world is now ruled by autocrats. Our own "priceless gift to mankind"—Parliamentary Government—seems to have exhausted its utility. In England alone is the attempt being made to keep it a going concern.

OPINION here is no more sympathetic to a Fascist world force than it is to international Sovietism.

AT the moment I can see no dictator in the offing for us. Sir Oswald Mosley is finished before he has begun. An English dictator who meant business would never bother about shirts of black or any other colour. Only in the Wars of the Roses have Englishmen fought under symbols; and that was an entirely aristocratic affair.

THE border-line between Revolution and Reform has never been very clearly defined, but the Socialist propaganda which is being turned out to-day makes no pretence as to keeping on the right side of it. The intelligentsia—Laski, Cole, Cripps, etc.—are quite obviously playing for danger. In that their work is excellently done it cannot be ignored, as can be quite safely the crude efforts of the British Communists.

THERE is nothing the Socialist Party does not know concerning subversive propaganda. There is nothing the two older Parties have not yet to learn.

No one is very happy over the Estimates that have been published so far, and the nearer we approach Budget Day, the more depressed we become. Mr. Chamberlain may, of course, have something up his sleeve, but he isn't the kind of man who does have things up his sleeve. Mr. Churchill was. But then, he took the precaution to put them there first, which was all very well at the time, but distinctly sobering afterwards.

MR. CHURCHILL has had a "good Press" during the present session, but he has not, in fact, increased his prestige in the House. His followers may still be counted on the fingers of one hand. He has usually been good news-value, but seldom impressive. His attempts to embroil Sir Samuel Hoare have failed dismally.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE is really rather a remarkable man. He is aloof and restrained, at times almost infuriatingly precise, at times almost precious. But he is probably the best Secretary of State for India we have had since the war. A friend of mine in the India Office tells me he is a prodigious worker (he doesn't give one that impression), has an infinite capacity for taking pains, and although he is always ready to hear every point of view, he comes to his own decision and sticks to it until he is given good and sufficient proof to make him alter.

HIS influence in his Party was growing, the nervousness at the Indian proposals has brought it to a standstill; but only temporarily, I have no doubt. I have heard Sir Samuel spoken of as a future Prime Minister. I do not think he is spectacular or retiring enough (you must be one or the other) for that. But it is worth remarking that Mr. Baldwin's opinion of Sir Samuel is obvious. Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, previously Sir Samuel's Secretary, is now Secretary to Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Butler, who is now the Under-Secretary for India, was formerly Sir Samuel's P.P.S.

IT is not unlikely that in the near future a high legal office will be vacated. Who will be appointed to fill it? The Attorney-General in most Governments would be given the first refusal of it, but I wonder whether Sir Thomas Inskip will be given the chance of accepting it. Most people will agree—perhaps Sir Thomas would himself—that the present Law Officers of the Crown are hardly so distinguished as their predecessors.

SIR BOYD MERRIMAN, in the Commons, is most uninspiring, yet the Rusholme division of Manchester, be it said, do not find him so. Bristol, however, got rid of Sir Thomas Inskip, and if they have the chance, most rudely are prepared to show that they don't want him back again. Not that there is the least chance of that happening. A safe and secluded seat was found for him at Fareham. How judicious!

HAS Sir William Jowitt left politics for good? I heard some time ago that he had, but I now hear that he might, in certain circumstances, return. If he does, will he be found sitting with those who at present constitute the Opposition?

LORD SANKEY, by the way, at the time of going to press, is still Lord Chancellor.

The Hon. Mervyn and Mrs. Wingfield at Great Dalby when the Quorn met there. Mrs. Wingfield not only rides astride, but has every detail of her clothes to match, and looks amazingly smart and attractive

Above: Miss Olive Plunket and Prince Ali Khan allow the brazier to distract their attention slightly from the next race at the Naas Meeting, near Dublin

Left: Mr. Tom Walls junior and Mr. Tom Walls senior at the Aldershot Military Meeting, when Mr. Walls junior rode for the first time under his own colours in the Services' Open Cup on Crafty Alice

Above: Lady Nutting and Lady Manton talking to Mrs. Julian Lezard at the Quorn meet at Great Dalby

Horses!

Hunting, Racing, and the Pony Show

Right: Lord Digby's two elder daughters, Sheila and Pamela, were two of the many young enthusiasts at the National Pony Show at the Agricultural Hall. The Hon. Pamela Digby was riding Poppy in the Show

At the Pony Show

Another photograph at Great Dalby: Sir Peter Farquhar, who is the Joint Master of the Meynell, with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Reggie Farquhar

If Gossip We Must . . .

Hitler on Top—Equity and the Managers—
A Magician's Bon Mot—Elsie Janis's Book

"Excuse me, but this is the Cambridge boat, isn't it?"

ELECTION Sunday in Germany, which was supposed by some to be certain to mark the end of everything, passed off with surprising calmness. Hitler is no Mussolini; he has neither the character nor the brains of "Il Duce." He has much too much of Charles Chaplin, bowler hat, little moustache and everything; but, for the time being, his star is rising, and he is probably the most influential man in Germany.

The triumph of his Party at the polls, and the events which immediately preceded it, have sent the Socialist organs in England into a blind rage. They regard Hitlerism as a tyranny and an end to all personal liberty.

One of them hints, and another goes so far as to state openly, that the Reichstag was not burned by Communists (a Communist was caught red-handed on the premises, but that is a fact they conveniently ignore), but by Hitlerites, in order to make the opponents of Hitlerism unpopular.

THERE is no denying that the present régime in Germany is a tyrannous one—and tyrannies are to be abhorred, whether as a means to an end or as an end in themselves.

But why should not Germany be left alone and uncriticised, to work out her own salvation—or the reverse? When Soviet Russia is criticised, when there is the merest suggestion that hers is not the ideal form of Government, the British Socialist Press raises the deuce of a hullabaloo with its "Hands off Russia!" and similar slogans.

When, as in Germany, the Right instead of the Left is uppermost, these are the very people who set out to teach Germany her business and to interfere as much as possible. The *Daily Herald* and the *New Statesman* can scarcely find language strong enough to condemn the severe measures—the excesses, if you like—of the Hitlerites.

Can you find a single word in either of these organs condemning excesses a hundred times worse practised in Russia? A foul despotism, lasting year after year, is either ignored or patted on the back as a policy to be encouraged and imitated, simply because it is Russian. For sheer political hypocrisy, these upholders of Liberty, whether they are red or an academic pink, take every sort of biscuit.

Sasha

The Girl at the Gaiety

Sepha Treble, who plays the young heroine in "Mother of Pearl," at the Gaiety Theatre, her mother, on the stage, being Delysia. Sepha Treble was formerly one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, and this is her first big part

THE former organ, having acclaimed the settlement of the dispute over the *Jolly Roger* production at the Savoy as a triumph for Equity—which it was not—criticised the show adversely. That is rather too obvious a manœuvre, and not likely to affect either George Robey or the show itself, which I would still consider amusing were I a red-hot Bolshevik.

Below: afternoon tea on board. A scene on the s.s. Lapland, which will start for a "Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, and Teneriffe on June 17th. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 33, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or the usual travel agencies

Afternoon Tea

Left: Eda Peel, the popular cabaret artiste who in times past appeared with Dora Maughan, is now performing in the cabaret at Romano's

Walter Bird

Eda Peel "Screened" in Cabaret

I wrote last week of Equity accepting £10 from Mr. Robey. This, at the time, was quite true. Later, they thought better of it and sent the money back, forgetting, incidentally, to enclose the cheque in the envelope. But I willingly, though unasked, make this correction.

Meanwhile, the misleading flapdoodle about bogus managers is still being preached. That not one per cent. of managers in either London or the provinces are bogus is not mentioned; the word "bogus" is

"What the Devil . . .?"

Far right: Nils Asther in the frightening make-up he adopts in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," which has been on view at the Regal, Marble Arch. This is a United Artists picture. Right: Sylvia Sidney as she appears in the Paramount picture which is the old favourite "Madame Butterfly" now shown in talkie form

Aboard Ship

Sylvia Sidney

just a convenient bogey. What does happen, though rarely, is that some well-meaning optimist puts on a show, hoping that it will "click." If it does not, money is short. But even in such a case, the players realise that they are on a gamble—and that is better than remaining out of work.

Equity, led by a Trade Union official who has nothing to do with the theatre at all, continues, despite its professions to the contrary, to make things as difficult as possible for any sort of management.

CONGRATULATIONS to Maskelyne's in achieving a Diamond Jubilee. To generations of schoolboys and others "the home of mystery" has given thrills and innocent amusement in plenty, besides taking a share in showing up humbugs and impostors; the exposing of the notorious Davenport Brothers was an early triumph.

When I was a schoolboy Maskelyne and Cook's, as it then was, gave their

The first dinner of the People's National Theatre was so crowded that two whole floors of Gatti's Restaurant were used and an "overflow" dinner took place last Sunday. The picture above shows Sir Alan Cobham talking to Nancy Price, the People's Theatre founder

The Monseigneur Restaurant, seen right, has lately re-opened, and displays a new form of decoration, with roughcast walls and lighting which resemble a sunlit Basque café

Sasha

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 4.—Bobby Howes

WHEN Bobby Howes was still a boy,
He said to himself, said he,
"I have made up my mind, when I'm a man
To be a first-rate comedian
Who's moulded upon a different plan
From those whom now we see.
And before very long (said Bobby) I know
I'll be topping the bill in a West End show."

When Bobby Howes reached man's estate,
He vowed to himself, he vowed,
"I'll not be a 'comic' with bright red nose
And a Colney Hatch style in evening clothes,
But I'll look just the same as do all those
You find in a London crowd,
For such trappings don't count (said Bobby) as much
As the normal note and the human touch."

When Bobby Howes first got to work
The managers heaved a sigh,
"Dear old boy," they cried, "though you try all right,
Your treatment, you know, is far, far too light;
The public and critics—God bless 'em—won't bite
And so we must say Good-bye."
"The old order standeth (said Bobby), but wait!
I'll yet get my chance to make good, sure as Fate!"

Now Bobby Howes has proved his words—
And THAT'S not an easy game—
So now he is shining, a star serene
(That's a really poetical line, I ween),
On the comedy stage and the talkie screen,
But he'll also go down to Fame
As that rara avis, a kindly pro.
Who refrains from the boast of "I told you so!"

B. W.

entertainment in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly—now long since demolished, though its name is retained in the block of flats known as Egyptian House.

THE firm owed, in those days, much of its success to the fact that it was patronised by unco' guid people who considered that to enter an ordinary theatre was an inevitable prelude to being burned in hell fire. Some folk even considered it wicked to enter the Egyptian Hall, among them being an aunt of one of the chief "magicians."

After some years of effort, however, he did persuade the pious old lady to sit through a matinée. Anxious to hear her verdict, he took her to tea afterwards. For a long time she made no comment, until, in reply to a question as to whether she liked her nephew's tricks, she said, "Yes, my dear, they are very clever. But you must always remember that compared with the miracles recorded in the New Testament they are as nothing."

"Hang it all, Auntie," said the exasperated performer, "if I had twelve accomplices round me with long cloaks, I could do almost anything!"

ELSIE JANIS'S last appearance in London—in a revue at the Adelphi—was hardly up to her previous form. But her witty book, *So Far, So Good*, more than atones for it.

There are plenty of true and amusing things here, and only one that is untrue—the sentence "I can still retain my epitaph which I wrote years ago, 'Here lies Elsie Janis, still sleeping alone!'" For since penning those words, Elsie has married; indeed, she hints as much on the very same page when she says, "I have fallen in love with one young enough to be my son. . . . By the time you read this I may have married him."

FAR more important things than Prohibition are now causing Elsie's native America perturbation—and then some. But she and her mother always had a level head on this issue and at the dinner-parties they used to give in their house near Knightsbridge were always ideal hostesses.

Here is a more serious aspect—and an eye-opener for temperance fanatics. Throughout the war Elsie sang to the troops, sometimes in England and often in France. "The Sunday before November 11th (the first Armistice Day) I had agreed to give a show," she writes, "to four thousand men in a camp down at Winchester. They had just arrived on a ship which had buried at sea nearly four hundred men who had died from influenza, *the reason being that there was not enough whisky on board.*" Comment is surely superfluous

Cannons, Hollywood

In Song and Dance

Frances Deane, who made her London début recently at Ciro's, when she was partnered by Gordon Wallace

Delirious Dialogues : No. 6. Stalin and Flanagan and Allen

Stalin : *Take a seat, Comrades, you must be tired.*
Flanagan : *Tired ! I should say so. We've come all the way across the ladders to see you.*
Stalin : *The ladders ?*
Allen : *What d'ya mean, the ladders ?*
Flanagan : *The ladders. The Steppes, Oi !* Allen : *Oi !*
Flanagan : *You're in charge of the napkin, aren't you, Mr. Stalin ?*
Stalin : *The napkin ?*
Allen : *What d'ya mean, the napkin ?*
Flanagan : *The napkin. The Soviet. Oi !* Allen : *Oi !*
Stalin : *And the reason for this visit, Comrades ?*
Allen : *We heard you were running a Crazy Week at the Kremlin, and we would like to top the bill.*
Stalin : *Every week is crazy week in Russia. Haven't you heard of my crazy Five Year Plan ? You must certainly join us, Comrades.*
Flanagan : *We'll sign on the dotted line. But you won't do the dirty on us, will you ?*
Stalin : *The dirty ?*
Allen : *What d'ya mean, the dirty ?*
Flanagan : *The dirty. The Volga. Oi !* Allen : *Oi !*

An amazing performance

The Earl of Cardigan in the "Bystander" of Feb. 22nd, 1933, says:—"I suppose that if one wanted to describe the S.S.1 in a mere half a dozen words, one would not go far wrong in calling it 'the most successful experiment in motoring'."
Why?...Because the S.S. is a combination of high-class coachwork of great beauty and supreme engineering achievement. Of 63 cars tested recently by the "Autocar," not one Saloon model, irrespective of power and price, achieved the distinction of *equalling* the performance of the S.S.1 on speed, brake test and acceleration! The S.S.1 (16 h.p.) is the "thousand pound car" priced at £325.
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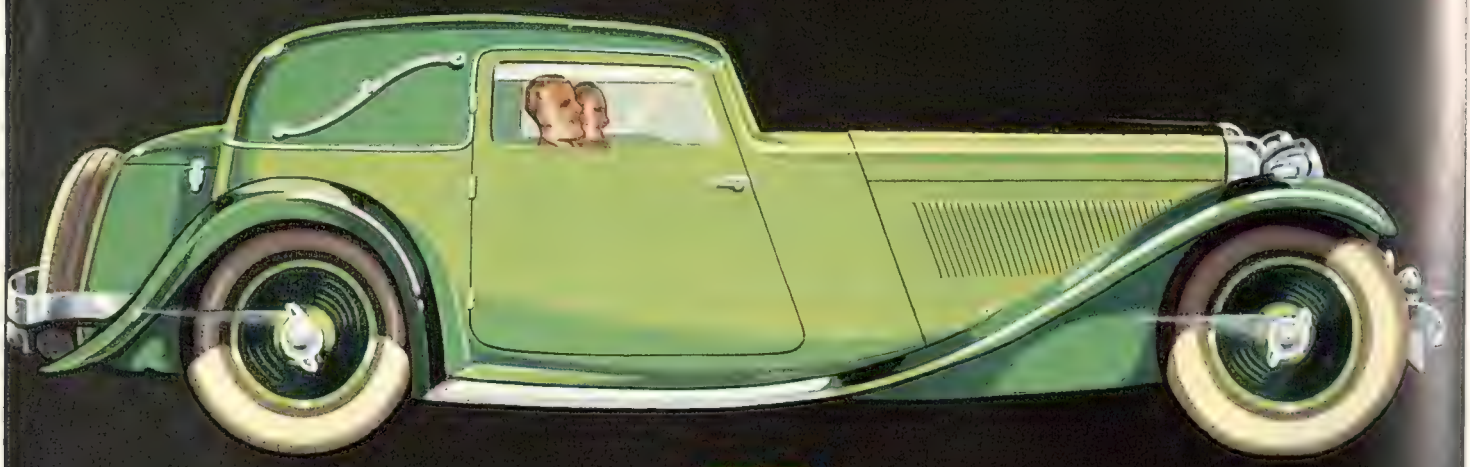

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Breakfast Duet

In Her New Bentley

Jeanne Stuart at her dressing-table, preparing to leave her nice, peaceful home and face the world, the stage and her public again

Her Own House

Jeanne Stuart Goes Home from Whitehall

Fireside Thoughts

When Jeanne Stuart leaves the "Road House" at the Whitehall Theatre, and all her success there, she has a most attractive home to go to. Like most people who spend a good deal of time in the public eye, Jeanne Stuart appreciates a bit of peace and quiet, and knows how to achieve it

Photographs by Swaebe

" My dear ! He did a simply sweet drawing of Edgar's œdipus complex. All done in iodine and coal dust ! "

" The landlord was right, George,

" Welbeck 7144 "

" Is she O.K. n

Yes ?
—No?

You don't
have
to Laugh

rge, Queen Elizabeth did *sleep here!"*

. now, Mathews?"

"'Ere y'are, Dook—take one 'ome to the Duchess!"

"My God! The reproach in those eyes!"

That Harlem Rhythm

Miss Nina Mae McKinney makes Her London Break

Photos by Cannons of Hollywood

Nina Mae McKinney, the star of the great negro film, "Hallelujah," made her first appearance in cabaret a fortnight ago at Ciro's, and scored a quick win. She sings the simple, obscure kind of negro song that is always popular here, especially when it is sung by the authentic husky Southern voice, and with a vivid personality like this to put it over

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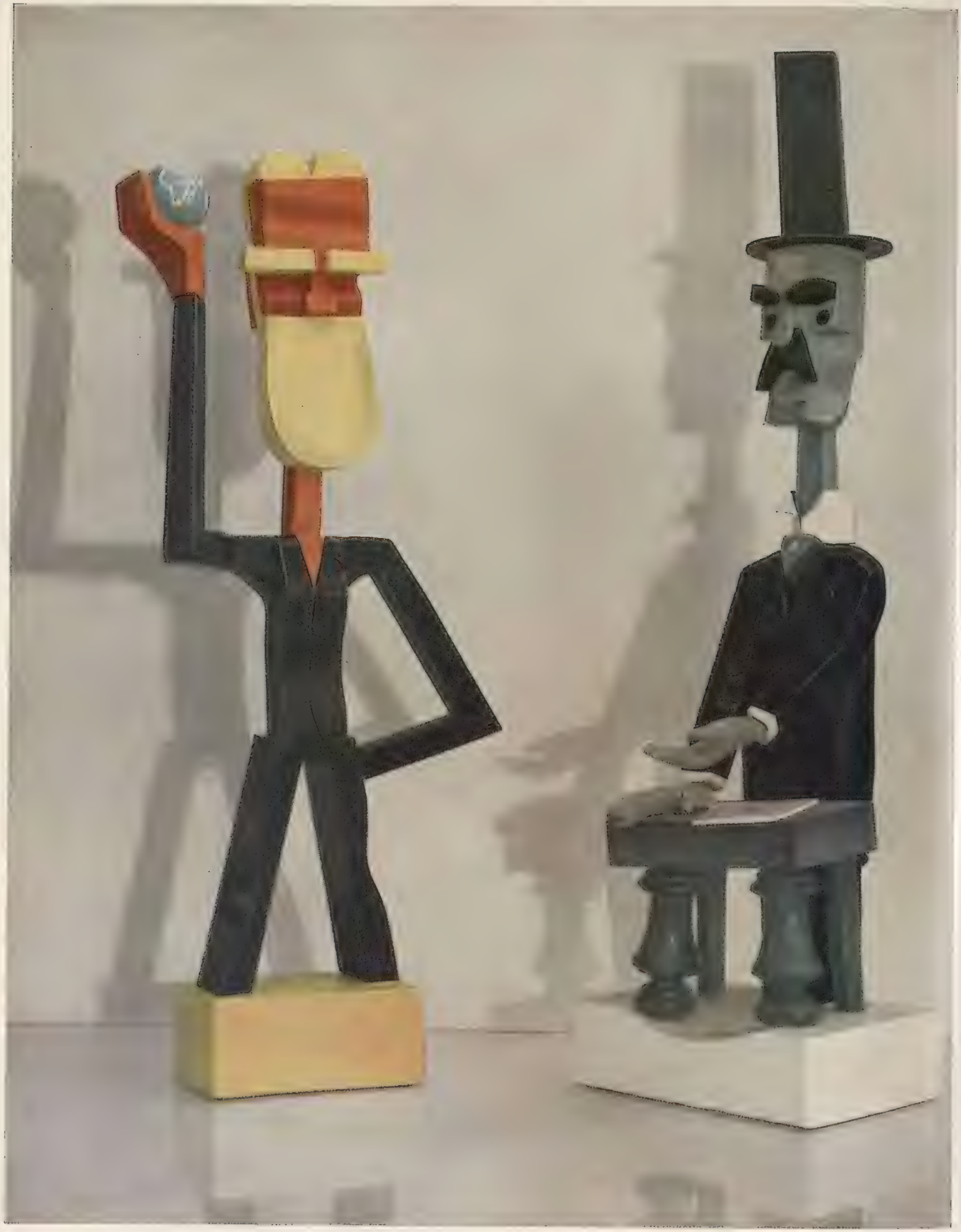


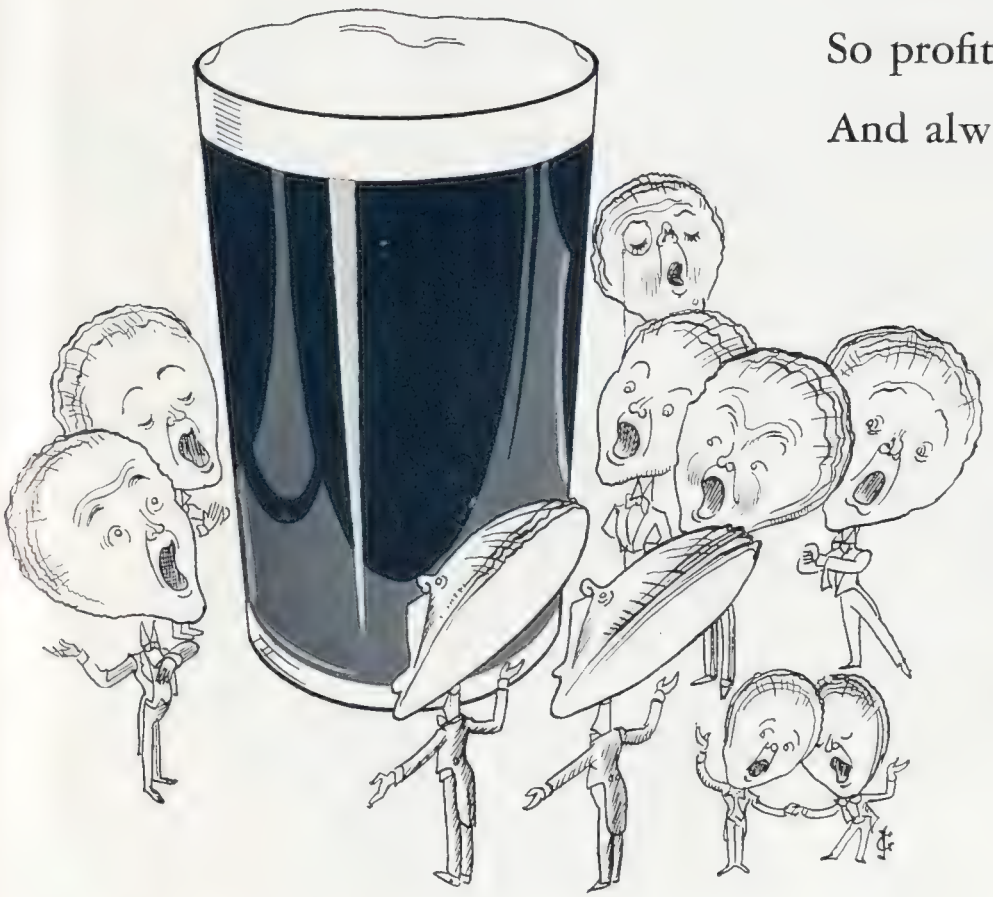
Idols in Wood: No. 1. The Sage and the Chancellor

The two figures which are seen above, representing Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, are reproduced from models carved and coloured by hand. They are the work of Mr. S. D. Banks and stand about twenty inches high, and "The Bystander" hopes to publish in future issues further examples of Mr. Banks's clever work. The original models are on sale

"The Oyster is a gentle thing,
And will not come unless you sing"

OLD PROVERB

Remember this. Remember, too,
Not every kind of song will do.
So profit by this little rhyme
And always sing in "Guinness Time"



GUINNESS is good for Oysters
—good for you

G.E.328A

The Passing Picture Show

Have a Heart!

An English Film That Has One

By Sydney Tremayne

Miss Trant (Mary Glynne) receives assistance from and makes acquaintance with that famous Yorkshireman, Jess Oakroyd (Edmund Gwenn) when her motor-car breaks down, in "The Good Companions," an Ideal picture, from J. B. Priestley's novel

THERE has been an almost indecent exposure of American social and anti-social conditions—by America; and recently Mr. John van Druten told the world, or, at least, a select audience, about the abuses of Hollywood and its curious behaviour towards distinguished authors. In appreciation of the English-made *Rome Express*, American critics have said that this picture goes to prove that Hollywood wastes talent and money. But the superior competence of American films must be affirmed: the slickness, the speed, the efficiency and financial acumen with which stars are made and unmade. With a few exceptions, English pictures must still be judged by a different and lower standard. We are still novices in film-making; the Americans are old hands at the game.

Jessie Matthews plays the part of Susie Dean, the bright particular star in the Pierrot Troupe in "The Good Companions," the quite English film at the Capitol

But there is an interesting and hopeful symptom in the difference between the two countries' choice of theme. I have, myself, reproached British film-producers for their continued adherence to comedy, and especially old musical comedy. But I do feel that there is something essentially decadent in America's choice of subject, which exposes not only rottenness of social conditions but of mental outlook, and that it is better to be struggling through healthy adolescence than betraying unashamedly the decay of a fatigued disillusionment.

WITH the exception of *Cavalcade*—which was Hollywood's resort to the English concept and creation—all the films, good, bad and indifferent, recently exported from America have dealt with crime, immorality and pathology. Their heroes are gangsters and bootleggers, their heroines fallen women. They smell of moral and social decay. Whether they employ American or European authors it is the morbid they prefer.

The theme of Eugene O'Neil's *Strange Interlude* is a woman's right to break her marriage vows when she discovers that there is insanity in her husband's family, in order to satisfy her desire for a healthy child. In Clemence Dane's *Bill of Divorcement* we again encounter the problem of hereditary insanity. Two of the best American films recently shown, *I Am a Fugitive* and 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing*, emphasised the corruption and horror of America's laws and penal systems.

In one programme at the Plaza there was *Billion Dollar Scandal*, a film about the corruption of Big Business in America, and *'Frisco Jenny*, which follows, through nearly two decades, the "progress" and effect of political graft, prostitution and bootlegging. *Billion Dollar Scandal* opens with the hero (Robert Armstrong, a minor Wallace Beery) behind prison bars. *'Frisco Jenny* closes with the heroine (Ruth Chatterton) behind the bars of the death chamber, immediately before her execution for murder.

AS a contrast I would cite *The Good Companions*, an English film which will have a wide and enduring popularity. This picture is not a brilliant achievement: it makes no revolutionary technical gesture, but it is a sound, sincere, well-cast and well-directed picture, which has decency and humanity for its subject.

I have not read Mr. Priestley's book, being as suspicious of best-selling novels as I am of wines the waiter extols. For the same reason I did not go to the play, but, having seen the film, I can perfectly understand their popularity and I am glad that this indigenous story should have been filmed in this country. The author refused several offers from America.

The Good Companions has a heart! It is about normal, sympathetic people. The situations are unforced. The humour evolves from character. It is easy to fault the film: it opens slowly and laboriously, but once Mr. Victor Saville has done with his preamble, his maps of England and individual explanation of how and why such different people as Miss Trant, Inigo Jollifant and Jess Oakroyd took to the road and became involved with a troupe of stranded Pierrots, the film moves surely and absorbingly to its appointed end.

THE acting deserves the highest praise. I am not an admirer of Jessie Matthews. I do not find her physically attractive: her facial tricks—particularly a pop-eyed ingenuousness—are irritating and her gaucheries are often clumsy, but she is well cast and well directed as Susie Dean, the young and ambitious member of the troupe—"Star of to-morrow—or the day after"—and when she is asked to rise above piquant soubrettishness and depict feeling and character she does so.

THE publicity hounds are mad not to make more fuss about John Gielgud. As the musical ex-usher with a talent for the composition of "good numbers," he acts naturally and delightfully and plays the piano untiringly. Here is a young actor with an eminently attractive personality and physique, in addition to almost unique musical and histrionic gifts. Properly exploited he could have the world at his feet. If English producers do not appreciate his value the Americans will.

Edmund Gwenn is in the skin of his part as Jess Oakroyd. He steers between the Scylla of sentimentality and the Charybdis of farce—a triumphant characterisation. The rest of the company are excellent in their several ways. The interpolated song-and-dance numbers are good.

It really is a relief, after the lunatics, criminals and tarnished ladies of American films, to re-discover the dramatic and human-interest possibilities in the fortunes and misfortunes, tribulations and triumphs of a band of sane and decent and courageous human beings fortuitously gathered together and aptly called *The Good Companions*.

A Portfolio of Fashion

1. THE fez has inspired this tiny cap, which is trimmed on one side with a diminutive feather

2. A CHIC little waistcoat of white piqué distinguishes this practical navy-blue coat-frock

3. A BROWN woollen wrap-coat and an oatmeal-coloured skirt make a smart combination

4. THE wide folded revers of this coat standing out on either side give it an interesting back view

5. THIS beige woollen coat with its wide brown leather belt is exceptionally attractive and smart

Models on this page from H. J. Nicoll

Your Dress

THE minimum of a jabot trims this slender frock from Blanche Lebouvier which has short sleeves and a bodice cut on the cross

ANOTHER version of the high neckline is shown by this Blanche Lebouvier model which has a lace guimpe and cuffs

AN unusual dress from Schiaparelli has a scarf of striped silk across the back which forms tiny sleeves and ties in front

A STRIPED scarf finishes the neckline of this grey woollen dress from Louiseboulanger which is cut on princess lines

BRUYÈRE makes a charming gown of patterned silk, ties it with a sash, and adds a deep shoulder cape of the material

A METAL ring holds the drapery on this Lyolène model, which has metal bracelets edging its triple sleeves

STRIPED silk is used in a novel manner in this Louiseboulanger model, which is high in front and fastened by buttons at the back

Dewas

Your Coat

SLEEVES slashed and puffed in mediæval manner distinguish this Schiaparelli coat, which is fastened by two metal slides

RAGLAN sleeves, a diagonal fastening and an asymmetrical neckline give character to this Bruyère coat

LOUISEBOULANGER is responsible for this three-quarter length coat, which has interesting sleeves

SCHIAPARELLI cleverly widens the shoulders by allowing the flared shoulder and sleeve tops to almost, but not quite, meet

ENORMOUS shoulder epaulettes cut in one with the yoke, give breadth to the shoulders of this Schiaparelli coat

A CLASSIC coat with flat revers, patch pockets and a wide leather belt for country wear comes from Lyolène

A CURIOUS effect is achieved by a fold of material placed low around the shoulders of this coat from Louiseboulanger

Rockwell, Paris

ONE of the best evening wraps of the season is this Mainbocher model in heavy white satin. It has a double-breasted waistcoat buttoned on either side and a loose shoulder cape whose neck and shoulder lines are outlined by magnificent red foxes. With this wrap is worn a black satin evening gown and long white gloves

YES, IT MUST BE 'CELANESE'

TRADE MARK

How smooth. How rich. How flawless. What subtle draping qualities. What perfection of weave. What choice of glowing colours and quiet, cool shades ● ● What a pity I didn't know before how versatile: how practical: how beautiful are fabrics made from 'Celanese' ● ● Next time I shop I really will insist. Nothing else will do—YES, IT MUST BE 'CELANESE.'

Sole Manufacturers of 'Celanese' Yarn & Fabrics, and Proprietors of the Trade Mark 'Celanese': **British Celanese Ltd., Celanese House, Hanover Square, London, W.1**

Soldiers Go Steeplechasing

The Aldershot Meeting

Below: Miss Cooke-Collis and Miss Rosemary Harrison at Aldershot on the second day of the Bona Fide Military Meeting, when the sunshine made up for the Friday's downpour

Below: Miss Windsor-Lewis, Miss Baker and Miss June Harrison-Broadley. Mr. J. Windsor-Lewis had a horse running each day, but did not do any good in either race

Above: Lord and Lady Grenfell, waterproofed and Newmarket-booted against the rain and wind of the first day of the Meeting

Left: Mr. R. Strutt, whose Gulliver II. was second in the Foxhunters' Grand Military Cup, talking to Lady Rosebery

Above: Mrs. Edward Alston and John Currie hurrying off together to find a good place to watch the next race from

Right: Mr. T. Williamson and Miss Gerry Ross walking back from their inspection in the paddock of some of the eighty-three starters on the second day

The Aldershot Meeting is in the first flight of steeplechase meetings as far as collecting "lovelies" together is concerned. Mrs. David Heneage was one of the best of the collection; she was there with her husband

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

STRANGERS in the Stock Exchange are as rare as open banks have been in America lately, and the uninvited guest there can be certain that he won't get by unnoticed; his reception is more likely to be boisterously dangerous. However, the Argentine Trade Mission, who visited the House recently, had a reception that was boisterous without being dangerous, and Señor Dr. Don Julio Roca and members of his suite were amazed at the welcome they were given. Señor Roca also expressed surprise at the large numbers of men all trading (sic) under one roof; four thousand members, and such clerks as have entry, do make a fair-sized crowd all on the one floor.

SEÑOR ROCA was shown round the Stock Exchange by Lord Faringdon, the father of Argentine-in-England, and two of the Trustees and Managers, Mr. Ernest Baker and Mr. Ernest Kennedy. When the party arrived in the Foreign Railway Market, they found their path strewn with maize—a delicate compliment offered by those who believe maize and other cereals to be as important among the exports of the Argentine as beef and tangos! The visitors were then led to the board on which railway traffic returns are displayed, and there found a cartoon of Señor Roca laying a wreath on the tomb of British capital sunk in the Argentine, which amused them a good deal. The cartoon on this page is a suggested sequel; the mourners, Mr. C. C. Pilkington, Mr. Henry Coventry, and Mr. Ernest Kennedy, all have good reason for their tears. The locust above the tombstone is symbolic—need we say?—of destruction.

"STRANGERS" in the House have included some very distinguished visitors. The King and Queen were there in 1917, and in 1915 Lord Derby made an appeal for his recruiting scheme. Among other Royalties, the King of Sweden and King Fuad of Egypt have both visited the House in recent years. When King Fuad was going round, he was most impressed by the extraordinarily keen bidding for "Gyppy B." as the shares of the Anglo-Egyptian Oil Company are called, which was going on just as he passed by—a somewhat temporary burst of activity inspired by his presence.

WOMEN are not allowed in the Stock Exchange during business hours, and Miss Megan Lloyd George is one of the few who have evaded the ban; she succeeded in doing this while collecting for a charity, and nearly got the Manager responsible into trouble with his colleagues. And when Mrs. Lloyd George, during her husband's Premiership, asked why she shouldn't tread where Megan had trod, there was really, under the circumstances, no good answer.

WHEN an uninvited stranger appears in the Stock Exchange, pandemonium breaks loose. One of the rallying cries which mean that some poor wretch is in for a bad ten minutes is "Fourteen hundred! Fourteen hundred!" This is because the members used to number 1,399, and any fourteenth hundred individual treading the sacred floor must, therefore, have no right to do so. Although there are now over four thousand members, the old cry is still heard, mingled with shouts of "Oi! Oi! Oi!" first from two or three members, then from a score, and finally from a hundred or two bloodthirsty brokers and jobbers. By this time, the stranger is surrounded by a jostling, pushing crowd, yelling "Don't go, Sir!" "That's the door, Sir!" "Over there, Sir!" "No, that way, Sir!" "Don't go, Sir!"

Mr. C. C. Pilkington, the Hon. Henry Coventry and Mr. Ernest Kennedy shed a tear or two

Mr. Ernest Baker

A Guide to the Argentine visitors

IF the stranger shows the slightest sign of temper or annoyance, the shouts and jostling are redoubled, and he will be lucky to get out with a whole coat; his hat invariably disappears, usually for ever. As soon as a waiter starts trying to get into the crowd to rescue the stranger and lead him outside, the crowd becomes even more tightly packed, swaying about the floor, and sweeping over seats and round pillars, until the waiter finally does break his way through, and bears away to safety a probably tattered and almost inanimate being. Only if the interloper appears to enjoy the joke, will he be let off any more lightly.

IT takes an expert to distinguish between the "Oi! Oi!" that means a stranger, and the "Oi! Oi!" that means a member is wearing a particularly light coat or is guilty of some other eccentricity. It is possible, however, without getting up on a seat to see, to discover which the shouts mean, as a stranger is shouted at more loudly. Saturday morning is the great day for gala clothes; there is quite a lot of competition as to who shall produce the most obvious gardening suit or the loudest tweeds.

MR. ERNEST BAKER, who was one of the showmen to the Argentine Trade Mission, is a man of great charm. His firm, Kitchin, Baker, Mason and Co., are jobbers in several markets, and used to have a contingent who stood in the gilt-edged market, although they did not deal in gilt-edged stocks. They found, however, that the pleasant surroundings and company there did not quite compensate for the difficulty they had in making a price in "Bays," for instance, when they were standing so far from the actual market. Ernest Baker was one of this contingent, whom the gilt-edged specialists saw depart for a more convenient stand with great regret, and cries of "Snow-Snow!" are no longer heard since he and his brother, Ben Baker, moved across the House.

Lady Fox and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grimston at 16, Bruton Street, where the sherry party took place and Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball will be held on June 8th. Lady Fox is one of the Joint Chairmen

Sherry for Queen Charlotte's

A Party to Organise the Birthday Ball

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Campbell and Lady Hamond-Graeme at 16, Bruton Street; it used to be Lady Evelyn Mason's house, and is an ideal place for parties

Below: Mrs. Iain Murray and Lady Grenfell at the party, over which Lady Howard de Walden presided. Lady Grenfell is another of the Joint Chairmen of the Ball

Left: two more guests were Miss Foster and Miss Cholmondeley. Over a hundred débutantes and ex-débutantes will take part in the cake-cutting ceremony which is always a feature of the Birthday Ball

Below: yet another of the Joint-Chairmen is Lady Fermoy, who had the right spirit for charity ball organising when she was photographed

The Lady Fermoy

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

International Affairs

Blackheath beat Oxford University by 22 points to 3 in the match played at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, in glorious sunshine. The photo above shows some of the players "jumping to it" in a line out

A GREAT day, next Saturday, the Calcutta Cup match between England and Scotland at Murrayfield. Like thousands of other amiable lunatics, I shall travel up to Edinburgh on Friday night, a kind of magic-carpet journey which never ceases to amaze me. How familiar it all is—the garish station, the desultory sounds of rolling milk-cans, the tiny compartment, and then—this is what I find so Merlinesque—to sleep on leaving London and to wake on the outskirts of Edinburgh. And, somehow, I always manage to sleep, with occasional interruptions—is there any sound more diabolically mournful than the reiterated milk-can theme at Crewe? Arrived in Edinburgh, there is bath, breakfast, and the North British and Caledonian hotels. How the Rugby fans do swarm on this particular day, and how, among other things, they do talk!

I suppose much of the talk will be about the match, and about what is, in some quarters, thought to be the best Scottish team for years.

WE Sassenachs may be able to chip in with some praise of the English side, but just how whole-hearted that praise will be I'm not sure. Mind you, it's not a bad side; it is, in fact, the only side the Selectors could logically have picked after the Irish match. But in some ways it strikes me as slab-footed; it moves to the job like a policeman on his beat. This may sound ungenerous, but you know what I mean; it's the kind of impression given by the mid-field players and the forwards in the tight.

ABOUT these forwards, now: up to a point they were satisfactory against Ireland, and Kendrew certainly got them going with plenty of devil in the loose. Sadler proved himself one of the best back-row men we have had for some time, and little Weston watched the blind side like a terrier. Unfortunately, the tight scrummaging was weak; the Selectors, in their wisdom, are apparently inclined to blame Gregory, the hooker, and with John Daniell, E. W. Roberts, and F. D. Prentice on the Selection Committee, we may take it that what they say about forwards goes. It is, therefore, with extreme diffidence that I suggest another reason for the scrummaging failure—clumsy packing and a second row which does not transmit the weight effectively. Moreover, there is not much weight in the back row to transmit; Weston and Troop are both relatively light, and Sadler is hardly a Tom Voyce in stature.

I fancy we shall be out-scrummaged at Murrayfield, for these Scotsmen do know their stuff in the tight. Not that it matters particularly; there are some theorists who say that far too much fuss is made over this business of gaining possession. Tries, after all, come nowadays from heels from loose mauls, cross-kicks, sudden changes of direction, and the opportunism which profits by an opponent's mistakes; very rarely do we see a scoring opening made from a set scrummage. Hand your opponents the ball on a plate, so to speak; let them fumble and drop passes and mis-kick; harry them with fast back-row forwards and a quick-moving defence, and snatch your tries when and how you can.

THIS is all very convincing, though it doesn't entirely convince me. To begin with, the morale of your forwards and the team in general is not improved when the tight scrummages are invariably lost, and this psychological factor is extremely important. What is more, I don't hold with letting the opposition have possession of the ball too often; possession means initiative, and initiative means constant hammering at a defence which will ultimately break, even against orthodox attack. Suppose, for instance, that England monopolised the ball in the tight, isn't it reasonable to suppose that, sooner or later, the strength of such players as Burland and Gerrard would carry them through the centre?

NO, here I part company with the theorists. Now and again it may be advisable to let your opponents have the ball, but sound scrummaging remains the bedrock upon which all true theory must be based. There is too much of this flibberty-gibbet stuff in Rugby football to-day. Give me a pack of forwards who really are forwards; who can produce the straight shove, the wheel, the clean heel, and there are not many teams who could make any sort of show against them.

THIS, I'm afraid, is rather handing the game to Scotland, for by all accounts their pack is uncommonly effective, and their backs are no slouches, either. On the other hand, Scotland were unlucky to miss that game against Ireland; it would have been the necessary stiffener, and might have given them just that team consciousness which they need. There are a number of youngsters in the Scottish side—Jackson, Lorraine, and Fyfe, for instance—and they will only improve with intensive match practice of the highest class.

INCIDENTALLY, I suppose the Scotsmen will be numbered, a fact which has been widely hailed as a triumph for commonsense and a belated courtesy to the spectator. Here I am an unrepentant obscurantist; I've always thought that the unnumbered Scotsmen were clinging to something worth while, and I regret very much this capitulation to popular clamour. This may seem sentimental, but I detest the number on the back; with it a player loses his independence, and becomes an actor with duties towards the crowd who pay their money at the turnstiles and expect to get value for it. It is too late to stem the tide; numbering is universal now, and the game is imperceptibly losing its old character.

BUT there, this is a side issue. What does matter at the moment is that England should win for the first time at Murrayfield. The chances, I should say, are about even; we may, at any rate, look forward to a glorious game.

SPORT with the

A Frank, Fair

By "Mark Over"

ONCE more Bradman is in the limelight, this time because he appears to be nibbling at the offer made to him by Rochdale, the Lancashire League club.

Bradman said in his letter discussing the offer that body-line bowling might cause the 1934 Australian tour in this country to be cancelled. I think we may wipe out this possibility right away. There is, to my mind, no doubt whatever that the body-line controversy will be amicably settled, and that next year we shall turn up in our thousands to watch Larwood renewing his duel with the Australian batsmen. I think, moreover, that it is pretty certain that one of those batsmen will be Bradman, who is only waiting to hear whether the 1934 tour is definitely on before he makes up his mind about this Lancashire proposition.

Bradman would surely be very foolish to leave Australia, where radio, journalistic and sports-shop contracts are showered upon him. In Lancashire he will find that his position is very different—from an uncrowned king he would be changed by a stroke of the pen to a relatively inconspicuous member of a League club.

PERSONALLY, I dislike this practice of buying players from overseas. Most of us had a great admiration for Constantine, most versatile of cricketers, when he came over here with the West Indians, but now that he is playing in Lancashire League cricket he is somehow shorn of his glory.

A great player, Constantine, but they say that an even greater is coming with the West Indian team this summer. This is Headley, nicknamed "The Black Bradman," a batsman of the highest class who has a phenomenal average against touring teams. England will have to take serious notice of these West Indians, remembering the shock administered at Lord's by New Zealand a couple of years ago. What is more, the M.C.C. players will probably be a trifle stale, and it may be that England will have to fight for victory. And if England were beaten, what glorious complications would develop in the international cricket world!

OF more immediate interest, perhaps, are the semi-final rounds of the F.A. Cup, which will be played next Saturday. How wide this interest really is I'm not certain. I doubt whether the Cup Final has quite such a hold on the public as it once had. When I was up North recently, by the way, I was amazed to find that Rugby football is making real strides in areas which hitherto have been exclusively devoted to "Soccer." But about this Cup: my own fancy is for Everton, who must be hugging themselves with delight at drawing West Ham in the semi-final. Mind you, West Ham are by no means to be despised. They are well balanced and sturdy, and with the gigantic Barrett as the foundation of their defence, and V. Watson to lead the attack, they may surprise us all.

Still, Everton are a very formidable combination—from Sagar, in goal, to Dean, in the centre, there is just that touch of class about their players which is likely to upset any opposition. Dean is a remarkable centre-forward — moody, perhaps,

It's a Way They Have in the Navy

An incident in the Inter-Services Rugby match between the Navy and Army, showing a Royal Navy player getting away with the ball

A. L. Della Porta

Left: A. L. Della Porta, the Surrey player, who won the Men's Singles at the East Twickenham Lawn Tennis Tournament

Right: Colonel F. H. G. Tudor-Owen (Rifle Brigade), who beat the Hon. D. North (Cavalry Club) by two up in the Rifle Brigade-Cavalry Club match

Tee for Two

The Smile of

LID OFF:

and Free Commentary

Above: C. F. Stanwood (University), the American Oxford undergraduate, seen clearing the bar at 5 ft. 8 in. in the O.U.A.C. Sports finals

Right: In the All-England Badminton Championships two sisters met in the semi-final of the singles. They are Miss Leoni Kingsbury and Miss Thelma Kingsbury

Below: Mlle. J. Jedrzejowska, (right), winner at West Twickenham and Miss J. Morfey, the runner-up

Sisterly Rivalry

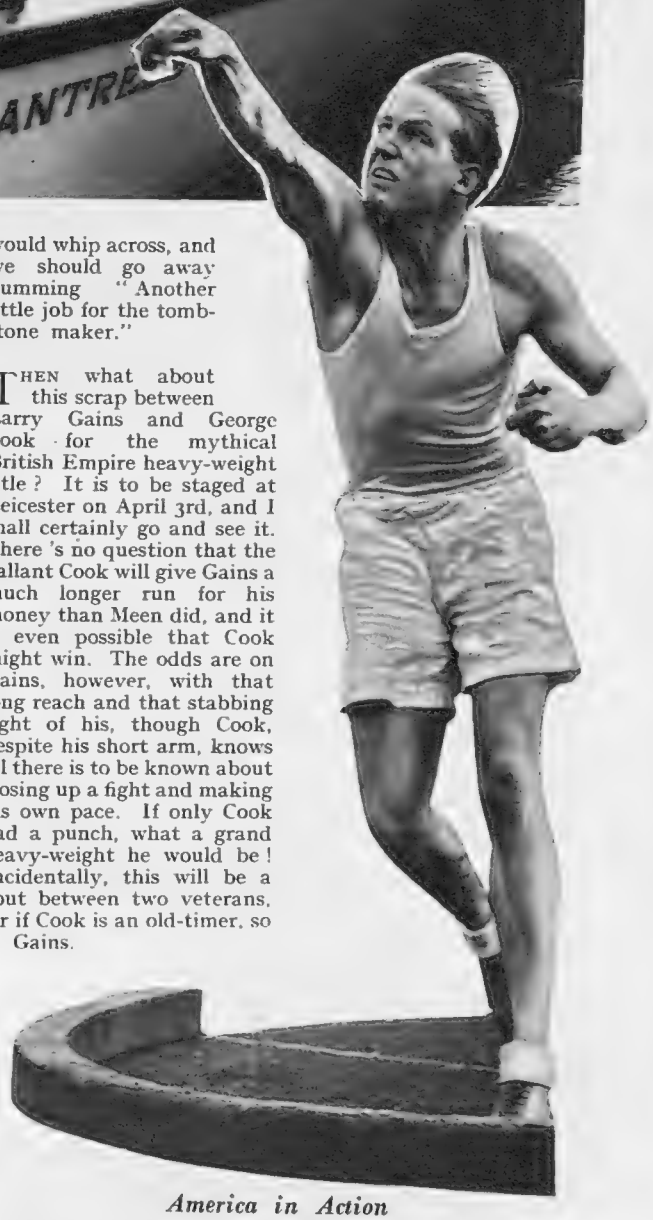
Victory—and Defeat

Below: P. Haig-Thomas, the coach, seen left, taking R. L. Wheeler, right, the Cambridge cox, over the flooded course at Goring, accompanied by F. J. Escombe (centre) during the Boat Race practice

Now for boxing, and the proposed match between the ambitious Jack Petersen and Maxie Rosenbloom, of America, for the world's cruiser-weight title. To begin with, I doubt whether negotiations will go through, for Rosenbloom is likely to hang out for too large a purse. If, however, his demands can be kept within reason, the fight will be staged at Cardiff in June or July.

Rosenbloom is primarily a boxer, as he showed when he fought Tommy Milligan over here. He could not produce a punch, however, and Milligan knocked him out in the eighth round. This seems to indicate the way the Petersen fight might go. Rosenbloom would probably tie Petersen into knots, but sooner or later that right of Petersen's would whip across, and we should go away humming "Another little job for the tombstone maker."

THEN what about this scrap between Larry Gains and George Cook for the mythical British Empire heavy-weight title? It is to be staged at Leicester on April 3rd, and I shall certainly go and see it. There 's no question that the gallant Cook will give Gains a much longer run for his money than Meen did, and it is even possible that Cook might win. The odds are on Gains, however, with that long reach and that stabbing right of his, though Cook, despite his short arm, knows all there is to be known about closing up a fight and making his own pace. If only Cook had a punch, what a grand heavy-weight he would be! Incidentally, this will be a bout between two veterans, for if Cook is an old-timer, so is Gains.



America in Action

R. B. Greenough, an American Cambridge undergraduate, putting the weight 41 ft. 3½ ins. and gaining second place in the C.U.A. Sports

WHILE we 're talking of "Soccer," there have been several changes in England's amateur team to meet Scotland on Saturday week. In some ways England have been extremely disappointing, for at the beginning of the season it seemed likely that we should have an exceptionally strong side. Then came a moderate display against Wales, followed by a defeat in Ireland, and now R. C. Grant, of Cambridge, displaces E. Ainsworth in goal; A. H. Chadder comes in at left back; D. G. Cornelius, Rigger Coats and W. H. Lister give way to J. Roberts, W. H. Webster and C. Murray.

On the whole, these changes should be helpful, though Murray has not been at the top of his form lately. Anyway, it will be interesting to see whether England can beat Scotland at "Rugger" and "Soccer" on succeeding Saturdays, though by the time these notes appear we shall doubtless have been deprived already of the Calcutta Cup.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

'Varsity Prospects

By the time that these lines appear it may have been necessary to close the entry for THE BYSTANDER Trophy, which is to be played next week-end at Felixstowe, and which has given rise to a great deal of interest. I warned you last week that it might be advisable to send in your entry as soon as you possibly could, and this week I can only tell you that if you did not heed my warning, you may now be too late. We who are in charge of this event are anxious that all those who wish to come should play, but if too many of you enter this simply cannot be done. By reason of the rules of the Competition, every competitor must play his qualifying round on the Saturday morning, and more than those who can comfortably play a medal round of eighteen holes in one morning cannot be allowed to compete.

On the other hand, it is just possible that there may be one or two withdrawals at the last moment, so that, even at this late hour, if any of you have omitted to enter or find suddenly that you can come, it is worth while either ringing up THE BYSTANDER office or sending a wire. The event promises to be one of the most successful which this paper has run, and the entry is representative not only of the best golfers in the country but also of those who are not so good. Any of you, therefore, who, for some reason or other, have not yet entered should take immediate steps to let me know that you wish to play, and, if it is still possible, I will gladly accept your entry.

I WAS writing last week of the University sides, and I gave it as my opinion that Oxford were likely to win the match when the teams meet at Prince's. Oxford, playing against Walton Heath on the club's course recently, did a good deal to justify this confidence which I feel in them by beating the club on the day by nine matches to eight. Both sides were not quite at full strength, for Sir Ernest Holderness was unable to play for Walton Heath, and Dugmore was absent from the University side. On the other hand, it is a very difficult thing for a visiting side to beat Walton Heath at Walton Heath. Local knowledge means a great deal to the club in this match, and especially on greens which can only be described as very tricky. I admit that this description is not very flattering to the Walton Heath greens, and I hasten to add that they are usually in beautiful condition. But I do not believe that a foot putt should be—excepting in very exceptional circumstances and only occasionally at that—anything but a straight putt. It is more than possible at Walton Heath to make an excellent approach putt and still find oneself very far from dead although very near the hole, and this fact is all in favour of the home player.

In the absence of Holderness, E. N. Layton led the club side, and he beat E. H. Moss somewhat easily. In the second match, Middleton, whom I have previously stated I consider to be the best golfer on the Oxford side, was beaten at the sixteenth hole by E. B. Tipping, but he played good enough golf to have beaten most of the others. Tipping at Walton Heath is better than Tipping elsewhere, and Tipping elsewhere is good enough to beat most University golfers.

Looking at the list of Oxford golfers, I am frankly impressed by the solidity of the centre of the team. Pennink, Morrice, Micklem, Morse, and Smith are all liable to win matches against anybody, and it is their presence in the side and the positions that they occupy on it, that justifies me in my confidence for a Dark Blue victory at Prince's.

ON the same day, whilst Oxford were beating Walton Heath, Cambridge also achieved a satisfactory performance by beating a strong Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society side, but in this case the boot was on the other leg, for the match was played at Worlington and, good golf-course though Worlington undoubtedly is, it certainly does greatly favour the local player: even more so, perhaps, than does Walton Heath. Cambridge, therefore, instead of having to compete with local knowledge, had it all on their own side, and this certainly does detract slightly from the merit of their performance. However, to beat handsomely a side which included Eric Martin Smith, Geoffrey Illingworth, John Morrison, Bernard Darwin, and others well-known in the world of golf, is no mean achievement in any circumstances, and Cambridge are to be congratulated. They were not absolutely at full strength, for they did not include the four men from whom one will finally be chosen to complete the team. Thomson, the Cambridge Captain, has evolved a method of his own for deciding on the final choice of his team. He selected W. E. Carr, T. F. B. Law, R. C. Southern, and W. G. Morgan as possibles for the last place in the Cambridge team; and during the week-end he sent them off to Hunstanton to play a seventy-two-holes medal competition. the winner to get the coveted Blue. As a result of this competition, Carr and Law tied with an aggregate of 317, and by the time these words appear in print, they will have played off the tie and one or other will be in the team. A more horribly ruthless method of deciding the matter could scarcely be conceived, and I am a little doubtful of the wisdom of making these four men play off in this manner. The best medal player in the world can often fail to win matches because he cannot achieve that form of personal distaste for his opponent which some people say is necessary in the make-up of a consistent winner of matches, and if this is so, Thomson has proved nothing by his test. He has also, to my mind, rather shied at his responsibility. His word is final, and he should have made up his mind for himself rather than subject his four unfortunates to an ordeal which can have done them little good. The experience of playing against the eminent gentlemen brought to Mildenhall by the Society, on the other hand, might have been of great use to them, and should have helped a captain to make up his mind.

The Rifle Brigade v. Cavalry Club at Worplesdon

Above: Major M. B. Nicholls (Cavalry Club), on the left, who beat Captain H. Norcott (Rifle Brigade) by 5 and 4, leaving the fourth tee

Above centre: Major Lord Hampton (Rifle Brigade), who beat Major J. W. Cobb (Cavalry Club), waiting at the fourth tee

Col. W. E. Davies (Rifle Brigade), A. C. Gore (Rifle Brigade), and Col. G. Ritson (Cavalry Club), at the fourth tee, who took part

Major S. Trafford (Rifle Brigade), who lost to Major I. E. Bailey (Cavalry Club) by 2 and 1, on their way to the fourth green

MARCH, 1933

16th to 31st inclusive

16th **Racing.** Plumpton Stplchs.
Roller Skating. Pair Skating and Dancing Championship, Cricklewood.

17th ST. PATRICK'S DAY.
Racing. Grand Military Meeting, Sandown Park. Limerick & Baldoyle Stplchs.
Shows. Irish Kennel Club, Dublin.

18th **Racing.** Grand Military Meeting, Sandown Park. Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Stplchs.
Assoc. Football. F.A. Cup Semi-Finals. Army v. R.A.F., Dulwich.
Hockey. England v. Wales, Edgbaston.
Rugby. England v. Scotland, Murrayfield. Upper Clapton v. St. Mary's Hospital.
Athletics. Oxford Univ. v. Cambridge Univ., White City. Middlesex County A.A.A. 10 miles road walking Champ.
Motor Cycling. Cotswold Cup Trial, Western Centre.

20th **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting. Colwall Park and Hawthorn Hill Stplchs.
Boxing. N.E. London Div. Champs., Hackney Baths.
Billiards. Amateur Championship begins.
Shows. National Trades Exhibition opens, Birmingham.

21st **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting: Hawthorn Hill Stplchs.

22nd **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting. 2nd Cavalry Brigade bona fide Military Meeting.
Assoc. Football. England v. The Rest (Amateur), Portsmouth.
Show. Manchester Dog Show.

23rd **Racing.** Liverpool Meeting.
Roller Skating. Women's Half-Mile Champ., Forest Gate.

24th **Racing.** Liverpool Meeting: Grand National Stplch.
Skating. Junior English Comp., Westminster.

25th **Racing.** Liverpool.
Hockey. Scotland v. England, Peebles. Wimbledon v. Old Felstedians.
Rugby. Army v. R.A.F., Twickenham. Upper Clapton v. Streatham. Burton v. Edgware.
Assoc. Football. England v. Scotland (Amateur) Dulwich. Welsh Amateur Cup Semi-Finals.
Rowing. Head of the River Champ., Mortlake to Putney.
Athletics. International Cross Country Champs., Newport, S. Wales.
Motor Cycling. Brooklands Meeting, B.M.C.R.C. Mitchell Memorial Trial, East South Wales Centre.

27th **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.
Squash Rackets. Ladies' Champ. begins, Queen's Club.

28th **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.
Golf. Oxford Univ. v. Cambridge Univ., Sandwich.

29th **Racing.** Leicester Meeting. Royal Artillery Meeting, Sandown Park. Rothbury Stplchs., Mallow Meeting.
Golf. Oxford Univ. v. Cambridge Univ., Sandwich.
Shows. Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia opens.

30th **Racing.** Leicester and Proudstown Park (Navan) Meetings. Taunton Stplchs.
Skating. One Mile Indoor Champ. of Gt. Britain, Streatham.

31st **Racing.** Newbury & Ayr Meetings. Melton Hunt Stplchs.
Squash Rackets. Ladies' Champ. Finals, Queen's Club.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Women's Golf

Mixed Grill: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I'M feeling very full of chat this week, but rather bits and pièces, except for the good, solid fare of the Inter-County Foursomes, at Sundridge Park. By way of hors d'œuvre, there was one of our Girl Championship competitors riding in the National Society's Pony Show at Islington the other day, which I don't remember happening before. I do like to see the golfers going in for something else as well, not only because it seems a pity to give all your energies to one thing, but also because I have a very firm conviction that you are more likely to win big things at golf if you are in the habit of winning big other things.

Miss Sheila Stroyan should be getting splendidly hardened, for she has ridden at Olympia, and if she had gone further in the Girls' Championship last September, it would have seriously interfered with her programme at the Chertsey Show. She had no luck at Islington, but her small brother kept up the family reputation.

Then there is the engagement of Miss Hilda Cameron to Mr. Alexander Andrew Marr, of Calcutta. Miss Cameron was Scottish runner-up in 1924 and 1927. Beyond that she has had none too much luck in either Scottish or Open golf, but if her marriage takes her out to India—which sounds probable—perhaps she will annex that Championship by way of a start.

Another bit of news is that, at last, the woman golfer will have no excuse for being thoroughly vague about the lie of her clubs and the proper length for them to be in relation to her height. Mr. Heyes, who is still a power to be reckoned with in Manchester golf circles, although his plus days are over, has shown me a most ingenious patent of his by which you can be measured for your correct length and angle just as accurately by your pro. as for your length (and breadth) by your tailor or dressmaker. Once you know your angle, your repeat order would be a simple affair, so there is no more excuse for women's notorious carelessness about that very essential part of their clubs.

KENT seem to have a splendid passion for Foursomes, and, whatever one may think about bogey under scratch conditions for two pairs over 36-holes aggregate, there 's no doubt about it that the more foursome golf can be encouraged the better our chances will be in future International matches. I 'm not sure that in their present form these Inter-County Foursomes—commonly called the Mason Foursomes, because Mrs. J. R. Mason, wife of the Kent cricketer, gave the trophy—have served that purpose. There is something sadly depressing about bogey, and I really almost hesitate to tell you that Surrey won with a return of 31 down. But if that 31 had been expressed in terms of medal play, it would not have sounded at all bad. Play was from men's tees, against men's bogey of 76. Sundridge Park, though wonderfully dry, was quite devoid of run, and I suppose that both Surrey's pairs—in fact, probably all the pairs of all the counties—were round under 90. So Mrs. Mason has done splendidly by arranging that next year it shall be medal play and not bogey. Moreover, it is not to be an aggregate of four scores; each county will count the better score of either of their pairs, morning and afternoon. A winning return of, say, 160 will sound a great deal better than 31 down, 34 down, 41 down, which are the figures which have to be appended for 1933 after the names of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex respectively.

The heroines of the day were Surrey's second pair, Miss Jean Hamilton, for ever famous because she beat Miss Maureen Orcutt in last year's Open Championship, and Mrs. Peel, who was a Scottish International when she was Miss Marjorie Thomas, of Gullane. Both of them gave one the impression of being really good golfers. They started the day by being out in 39 and square. But then came a landslide and they finished the round five down. What Surrey's first pair were doing had, perhaps, better not be recounted. Miss Julia Hill played steadily enough, but Miss Gourlay . . . well, she was admittedly out of practice. They were 11 down by lunch-time, but, even so, Surrey were leading by two from Kent and by four from Sussex.

The Sussex first pair were Mrs. V. G. Davies and Miss Mary Lake, the holders of THE BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes, and both of them seemed to be hitting the ball extremely nicely. But Miss Lake was not very happy with the putts, and they shared Miss Gourlay's lunch-time total.

I THINK Kent, who have won these Foursomes for the last three years, would probably have won them again if they had put Miss Morgan and Miss Olive Read together. With their win of the Kent Foursomes behind them and the splendid confidence which each has in the other, they could probably have done something so good that even if Miss Doxford and Miss Butler had not backed them up too well, it would have been immaterial. As it was, in the morning nobody seemed to be playing very well with their partners. Miss Morgan and Miss Doxford were 7 down, and so they were again after lunch. Miss Gourlay and Miss Hill, against whom they were playing, were no more than one down. But first Kent fell from grace with only a very occasional snatch at a straw, and then Surrey's pair, after clinging on to that one down as far as the 11th, had an avalanche and ended eight down.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Above: Miss Jean Hamilton (Surrey), Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss I. Doxford (Kent)

Right: Miss J. Hill and Miss Molly Gourlay (Surrey) at the 1st tee

Centre: Mrs. E. Gallatly and Miss V. J. Black, who played second in the foursomes for Sussex

Extreme right: Mrs. V. G. Davies and Miss M. Lake (Sussex), who were runners-up in "The Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh

Surrey v. Kent Ladies' Golf Foursomes at Sundridge Park

The plaid has come down from its native Scottish heights and has taken Sassenach and Gaul by storm . . . or shall we say, London and Paris! MATITA exploit this new trend in their usual inspired way.

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Finding the Way in the Air: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Air Signs and Portents

FOR air transport there is an opportunity to avoid many inconveniences which hinder travel on the ground, and costly mistakes or omissions need not be repeated if the requirements of the pilot are considered in comparison, for instance, with those of the motor driver. Think a moment of the microscopic sign-posts of our country, planted for the most part in the days of horse-drawn traffic travelling at the high speed of twelve miles an hour. These are quite inadequate when driving a car, and if the A.A. had not come to the rescue, congestion on the roads would be even worse than it is at present. Air sign-posts may not be needed to the same extent, because point-to-point flights are made by compass or by wireless, but in bad weather, pilots want to check their course from ground observations, and after coming out of clouds it is useful to see something which gives a clue to the locality. Aerodromes are marked by name, the letters set in chalk or concrete surrounded by a circle, but such harbours are, unfortunately, too few at present to be of value to the pilot who may be lost. If all railway stations had clearly marked on the roof their name and that of the nearest landing-ground, with an arrow and mileage, this assistance would be invaluable. A few commercial companies, mostly those interested in aviation, like Cellon at Richmond and K.L.G. at Putney Vale, have air direction signs painted on the roofs of their factories. Much more could be done in this respect, for every roof is a potential sign-board. Advertising should be prohibited, and some encouragement given to the owners so that all signs visible from the air are aids to navigation.

The first rehearsal for the non-stop flight to Australia took place over the sea at Bognor. The D.H.9 above, acting as a tanker, has lowered the petrol pipe which will feed fuel to the Moth below. Supplies of food and water, with newspapers, telegrams and letters, will be delivered in a bag looped to the pipe-line

Left: in the centre, Sir Alan Cobham, and next to him Squadron Leader Helmore, who are preparing for a flight of 10,000 miles without landing, using the Airspeed "Courier." Tests of the refuelling apparatus have taken place at Ford Aerodrome, headquarters of the South Downs Aero Club

Night Lights

POWERFUL lights can be of more assistance or, alternatively, a greater danger to flying than day signs, depending on whether they indicate their locality exactly or make confusion worse confounded. Anyone who has flown over or near London at night will appreciate the amazing complexity of the scene, with street lamps, advertising signs and the flashing head-lamps of motor-cars competing for notice and constantly distracting attention from any one spot. Perhaps the case of London is an extreme one, but any light may mean something of importance to a pilot who is flying at night, and therefore strict control of sky signs is essential. Five aerodromes are flood-lit for night landings: Croydon, Lympne, Heston, Hanworth, and Ratcliffe, in Leicestershire, Heston catering especially for emergencies, having the latest Shadow-Bar attachment which enables the light to be used for any landing direction at a minute's notice. That section of the London-Paris line to the coast is the only part of England which is provided with route lighthouses. Some of the wireless masts and aerials which extend hundreds of feet above ground level are marked as obstructions by red lights, and the towers at Dagenham, carrying electric current 500 feet above the Thames, have been scheduled as obstacles to aircraft. These latter are marked by day with horizontal bands painted red and white, and by night with red Néon tubes installed by the Sign Construction Company. The tubes are controlled by "Chance" valves, which are so sensitive that they will turn on the current in the daytime if the light value drops below a certain figure, and are set to extinguish the signs in the morning or when the gloom of a London fog has disappeared.

Forced Landings

PRACTICE for emergency landings is one of the most important parts of a pilot's training, however remote the possibility may appear on account of the reliability of the modern aero engine. If a choice of fields is available, land in stubble or any of suitable size which are light green in colour rather than those which are darker green, because the latter usually denote damp ground, long grass or unripened corn. It is more difficult to choose a safe field in the summer than at any other time of the year for the reason that crops are fully grown and therefore likely to slow up a small machine with a jerk, the probable result being a broken propeller. When landing in a field with a considerable slope, always attempt to put her down uphill, irrespective of the wind direction. If there is any risk of hitting something hard, like a tree or a wall, after touching down, turn the machine at the last moment so that the wing takes the shock. A forced descent on trees or on water with a land machine is, fortunately, an unusual occurrence; maximum safety is assured by coming down as slowly as possible for the last hundred feet or so, holding the machine off for a "pancake." Captain Penny, one of the instructors working at the British Air Transport School at Croydon, must have brought off his forced landing in the Channel last week with uncanny skill, for the machine kept afloat long enough to enable a rescue to be effected by a Dutch boat some time later. The pilot and passenger were landed in Holland and flew to London, through the courtesy of K.L.M., on the next day.

At the London Club

ONE of the London Club members, Mr. Lipton, had a forced landing on a business trip to Bristol, and within a few hours the Club's service 'plane, with a mechanic on board, had effected repairs, business was concluded in Bristol, and both machines returned to Stag Lane. Mr. T. S. Fisher has passed his night-flying tests for a "B" Licence in the true Stag Lane manner, in other words, at the first attempt. He has sold his D.H. 53 to Norman Edgar, of Bristol Airport, and is leaving for South Africa in a Gipsy Moth with Mr. Pearce, who is also a pilot member of the Club. The journey by air will be cheaper than by steamer with the Moth in a box.

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"Sorry, I'm dull. Say it again."

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CARS with a Personality

The Two-Litre (18-h.p.) Singer

The two-litre Singer has at least its fair share of good looks, and appearance does not sacrifice comfort in any way. It is also exceptionally well appointed

By The Earl of Cardigan

Two cubby-holes, flanking the instrument panel, are a convenient feature. The sliding roof is another asset which, with the approach of warmer weather, will be appreciated

I ALWAYS find it interesting, when driving a new model for the first time, to try to form an estimate of what was in the mind of the designer when he originally planned the car. I imagine him sitting at his desk and saying, "Now, this shall be a really *fast* car." Or a car of unusual power—or a car of exceptional good looks—or a car which is handy and economical—or a car which is lively and sporting—whatever, in fact, the new model happens to suggest.

In the case of the two-litre Singer, I feel practically certain what his object was. He said, "This shall be a really *comfortable* car," and so it most certainly is. It is comfortable in every sense of the word, both as regards the seating of the passengers, and also as regards the convenience and freedom from strain of which the driver is assured.

The engine, rated at 18 h.p., is of comfortable size, and does its work with great smoothness, with an agreeable suggestion of power in hand. The four-speed gear-box is of more or less normal design, but permits of so easy a change into any ratio desired that gear-changing troubles should be practically negligible. It was difficult to estimate maximum speeds, since the speedometer of the car lent to me seemed temperamental, with the peculiarity of being optimistic at low speeds, and, if anything, pessimistic at high speeds. An honest 60 m.p.h., however, appeared to be the limit in top gear, with a useful 40 m.p.h. in third.

The steering, low-geared, proved light and definite, and the springing pleasant at all speeds. Road-holding was good, and the brakes, of the hydraulic type, very powerful and smooth. The general result was that the car seemed very effortless to handle, and inspired a satisfactory sense of confidence.

THE coachwork, in particular, interested me. The body of the two-litre saloon does not give the appearance of being more than ordinarily roomy, yet I found it one of the most luxurious, from the point of view of the fairly tall passenger, I had encountered for a very long time. Nowadays, a comfortable front seat is fairly common; but the back seat, more often than not, is either nondescript or has some quite elementary defect. Here, however, the back seat gives evidence of having been designed by someone with a real knowledge of anatomy, with the result that one can lean back in a restful attitude, retain one's hat, and dispose of one's legs in a perfectly convenient manner.

In no respect has appearance been sacrificed to obtain this unusual degree of comfort. On the contrary, the "Two-litre" is as good-looking a car as anyone could wish for, and its only obvious defect is a windscreen which does not sufficiently open, while it is also very moderately priced at £265.

Above: the back seat is truly admirable, providing a degree of luxury only equalled by the largest and most expensive cars. Note the unique foot-rest, on which a tall man can comfortably place his feet; and note also the hinged ventilator incorporated in the window

Right: the driving position also is an extremely comfortable one. The gear lever is central, and the almost horizontal hand-brake lever does not obstruct ingress or egress on the off-side

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Yevonde

Rebecca West

the well-known novelist, whose new book, "The Life of St. Francis," is creating some discussion. She married Mr. H. W. Andrews in 1930

Books of the Week

Sapphires and So On

By "Ericus"

WHEN a book you have selected for review is constantly disappearing from your desk and turning up in unlikely places at unlikely moments, and "Please, Sir, nobody in the house knows anything about it," the odds are that it is a good one. Which serves to introduce *The Sapphire*, by A. E. W. Mason (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and also as my excuse for not having reviewed it before. I could never find the damn thing!

MR. MASON is a master of his craft. In this latest novel of his he makes a welcome and brilliant return to his singular tigers, his Villa Roses and his opals and the prisoners therein. Not that this is a detective yarn, though we do catch a glimpse—all too brief—of the immortal Hanaud. I suppose it can best be described as an adventure story with a soupçon of Eastern mysticism, this quality being supplied by a reformed rake with a Buddhist complex. The author starts us in Burma, where Captain Michael D. Crowther, a sailor turned Buddhist monk, has decorated the summit of his temple with a deeply-treasured sapphire, to indicate his abjuration of the world and its vanities. Thence it is ravished by native thieves and the fun begins. We follow the sapphire to Ceylon, in time to witness what might have been a nasty accident to the young lady who has bought it, in more senses than one; after which comes the second theft of the stone, accompanied by sundry serpentine details of a horrifying nature, and the scene moves to London. . . . But if I tell you any more I shall spoil this excellent story for you. My advice is to get it and read it for yourselves.

THE family-saga tradition finds a fresh setting in *Pageant*, by G. B. Lancaster (Allen and Unwin; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This time we are concerned with the fortunes of bluff Captain Comyn and his French Madame and of shrewd Major Sorley and his very English lady, who settled in Van Diemen's Land in 1826, and whose progeny multiply on Tasmanian earth unto the third and fourth generation in our own times. The attraction of this story lies not so much in its characters, who, throughout, evade their just deserts in the most irritating manner, as in its background of Colonial development from the rudest beginnings. Regard it, therefore, as a pageant of events rather than of people and I think you will enjoy it.

Yevonde

Mordaunt Shairp

author of "The Green Bay Tree," at the St. Martin's Theatre, round which controversy rages

IN 1835 a prostitute was brutally murdered by her lover in New York. A small matter in these days of gangs and rackets—the Chicago, not the Wimbledon variety. But people were not so blasé a hundred years ago, and New York, with its handful of two hundred thousand inhabitants, was swiftly involved in a maëlstrom of perjury, political corruption, riots, and suicides. This is the theme of *Human Tempest*, by Manuel Komroff (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), a powerful drama of requital, full of life and movement and conveying a faithful picture of the times.

I REMEMBER reading in the *Daily Telegraph* some months ago a series of extremely able articles by Rear-Admiral C. V. Usborne, C.B., C.M.G., describing naval occasions in Mediterranean waters during the last war. These he has collected under the title, *Smoke on the Horizon* (Hodder and Stoughton; 18*s.*), and excellent reading they make. The full and detailed account of the Navy's part at Gallipoli and the brilliant exploits of the submarines in the Sea of Marmora, the chronicle of H.M.S. Doris, a venerable dowager who, nevertheless, dictated the course of events on the Syrian coast, the epics of the River Clyde, the Goeben, and the Breslau, and many other matters of a like stirring nature go to make up a book which is not only instructive, but most entertaining.

AND finally, two theatrical novels. *Zelma* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a first effort by Vivian Ellis, who, you will remember, set the flies crawling musically up the window in order to spread a little happiness during that first week-end in June. Zelma herself, a musical-comedy star, who forsakes the boards for the usual aristocratic marriage, and ultimately stages a brilliant come-back to films and the lover of her childhood, is rather an elusive personality. But her story has all the colour and pep of Mr. Ellis's musical tit-bits, and the theatrical background—or should one say backcloth?—is conveyed with unusual realism and accuracy.

WHICH is more than I can say for *Portrait of an Actor*, by Elizabeth Jenkins (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), the trouble here being that the portrait, though drawn with skill and considerable distinction of style, is not that of an actor, or, at any rate, of a man possessing those qualities of temperament and disposition one naturally expects in an actor. I may be distressingly conventional, but I consider the relationship of a portrait to its subject and vice versa a matter of the first importance, notwithstanding the modern predilection for labelling, for example, a conglomeration of cubes and concentric circles "Dawn in the Taurus Mountains."

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The Doggy World

That Dear Little Dachshund: By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE is a very big dachshund show at Tattersall's on April 5th. Entries close on March 20th, but I mention the show more from the point of view of the ordinary dog-lover, as Tattersall's is a very easy place to visit for an hour or two, and you will see all the varieties of dachshund, smooth, wire, and long-haired. The wire-haired are being judged by Major Emil Ilgner, of Berlin, who is one of the biggest experts in Germany.

I find, as I go through life, that the dachshund has any amount of friends (he has some enemies, too). You find unexpected people who don't really care for dogs, as a rule, but who are devoted to the funny little dachshund. I am one of those people; I don't breed them now, but I should feel lost without a "dickel" knocking round the house. I have a little smooth bitch called Ada, alias the "Black Devil of Frittenden," who is the terror of all the tradesmen. She nips them in the trouser-leg, and then runs away screaming. Her mother was a very nice wire-haired bitch and, it is the wire-haired variety which I really prefer. They are very hardy and, with their leaf-brown coats, extremely attractive. In addition, if you want to do a little mild breeding, the puppies are in constant demand, and fetch good prices—round about £10 each.

Pluck and Affection

Hussa v. d. Abtspecke, a wire-haired dachshund which won the Gold Medal in Germany for working on badger

The long-haired variety is quite lovely, with fringed ears and very wistful face, but it is for the dachshund character that I really love them all. They are very quaint, very loyal, and extremely brave, not to say gallant. I remember meeting a greyhound bitch, when both my Hussa and Ada were alive, tearing round the corner pursued by these two little demons. It transpired that she had snapped at Hussa, who had immediately retaliated (think of the difference in size!) and routed her ignominiously.

IN Germany, they are bred for hunting of all descriptions, and many are entered to badger. I have seen them also used for stag-hunting, and also for wild boar. The wire-haired variety had originally a cross of Dandy Dinmont in them, and you can still catch a fleeting resemblance in a bad specimen of a wire-haired "dickel" to its forebear. They simply adore motoring, never seem to suffer from car-sickness, and are hardy little beasts, being impervious to the weather (I am now referring to the wire-coats).

As a pure pet, you can teach a dachshund more tricks, in a shorter time, than any dog I know. They are not remarkable for obedience, but they are so clever that they are able to look after themselves, and they never lose their way. If your dachshund is not at your heels, don't bother, just stalk on, and he will turn up pretty quickly. It is fatal to wait upon their coming, for they immediately take advantage of you and continue in their wickedness; but they are sharp enough not to wish to lose you, and they have an excellent homing instinct.

Withal, they have an extraordinary pathos in their faces, and a "dickel" whose master is away from home, looks a lost little soul indeed.

Take a look at the big show on the 5th of April. I think it will amuse you.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A New and Harmless Method of Dealing with an Urgent Toilet Problem.

THE question of what is the best method of removing superfluous hair is one that concerns a large number of women and is as important psychologically as it is æsthetically. Those who are afflicted in this way are often affected to a degree which makes them genuinely miserable, and self-conscious to such an extent that their enjoyment of life and social amenities is seriously menaced.

The nervousness thus engendered makes them bad subjects for electrolysis, and the use of depilatories is often discouraging because of the continuous re-growth of the hair, for the best depilatories cannot claim to do more than remove the hair from above the surface of the skin, and those who suffer from superfluous hair know how quickly it reappears. Another disadvantage of depilatories is that the majority smell unpleasant—a characteristic which makes their use a torment, or an intrigue, to the very sensitive, while, when the subject has a very delicate skin, it is difficult to find a depilatory which can be used

sufficiently frequently to obliterate all traces of superfluous hair without causing any irritation.

A method which combines the removal of the hair and the roots as well as discouragement of re-growth is therefore valuable. "Divi," a wax which emanates from Irene Desborough's School of Beauty and Physical Culture at 2, Glendower Place, S.W., merits attention. It is odourless and harmless to the most delicate skin.

The method of employment is to warm the wax over a spirit lamp or candle, and, when it is liquid, to apply it thinly to the affected parts in a contrary direction to that in which the hair grows.

The warmth opens the pores, and the wax seeps down to the roots, loosening the hair and discouraging recurrent growth. When it cools and begins to harden, before it is quite set, a corner of the little mat of wax is lifted, and it is quickly stripped off, bringing with it the hair and root bulb. It will be some time before the follicle re-establishes itself, and the hair can make its way up through the sixteenth of an inch of tissue between the root and the surface of the skin, and, owing to the action of the ingredients of "Divi," which discourage the growth of the hair in much the same way as a weed-killer introduced into the earth acts on the root of an unwanted plant, each re-growth will be weaker and longer delayed.

The fact that "Divi" is odourless and harmless to the most sensitive skin, is a strong recommendation of this simple method of removing superfluous hair at home, which has been evolved by a beauty specialist whose sympathetic and scientific knowledge of and interest in women's æsthetical and psychological problems is established.

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In The "Blue Room" at 19 Grafton St., W.1.

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Long Coats to match at the same price.

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PLAYER'S *MEDIUM* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100's BOXES 4'8 · FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6

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Cartoons in Colour.

COIFFURE IN THE TRENCHES.
"Keep yer 'ead still, or I'll 'ave yer blinkin' ear off."

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12/6 *post free.*

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TO ORDER *12½ gns.*

Tailored suit in a variety of novelty checks and other tweeds. The novel panel front of coat is continued in the skirt, showing an example of perfect tailoring; ideal for race meetings and country wear. In good shades.

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WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Greyhound Racing

By "White Citizen"

THE official statistics for 1932 have been out for some little time, but have not become very widely known. As there is a great deal to be learnt from these statistics, which deal with the fifty greyhound race-courses affiliated to the National Greyhound Racing Society and licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club, I think it is worth while giving them to you this week in some detail.

In the first place, it is interesting to note that the attendances in London, in Manchester and in Glasgow all show a steady increase from year to year, and thus justify the claim which is made on behalf of greyhound racing that it has come to stay. The figures in themselves are extraordinarily impressive, and the total attendances are worth giving in detail. In 1927 just over five and a half million people paid for admission to the tracks; in 1928 this figure had risen to over thirteen and a half millions; in 1929 nearly sixteen millions; in 1930 just over seventeen millions; in 1931 nearly eighteen millions; and in 1932 the colossal figure of 20,178,260 was established. These figures provide ample proof of the popularity of greyhound racing to anyone who may not realise how enormously popular the sport has become, not merely amongst members of the poorer classes, but also in all sections of society. Just to take one example, one may go down to the White City any evening and find the highest in the land and the lowest in the land (from the point of view of birth only, of course!), with every intervening class, all enjoying the sport equally well. It is no exaggeration to say that of the 20,178,260 people, twenty millions at least resent, and justly so, the fact that they are not allowed by law to bet with a "Tote." It seems to me that they are a section of the community deserving of some respect, whose wishes should be carefully considered, and if they all say, as they do, that they want the "Tote," it seems very difficult to make out a case for a refusal.

IN London the figures have increased by two and a half millions between 1928 and 1932; in Manchester they have increased less, although they show a steady improvement, increasing during the same period by over 340,000. In Glasgow, however, there is an increase of nearly one million over the same five years, which I think my readers will agree is very impressive. There is another side to all this, and that is the total in entertainments tax paid during 1932; this comes to £222,550; payments made to charities during the year amounted to nearly £18,000, and to local rates to nearly £43,000. There are, of course, other sources of income to be derived by the Government as well as entertainment tax, and it would seem to me that greyhound racing has done a great deal for the country from the financial point of view.

SPEAKING as a humble person who pays income-tax, I cannot understand why so much fuss should be made to hamper a sport which is, after all, doing a great deal to alleviate the burden which a taxpayer must bear, as well as giving him a few hours of enjoyment when he can forget his tax troubles. I have no patience with the puritan point of view which seeks to mould all other minds according to its own. Puritans in our country are but a very small minority, and yet they seem to have a power quite out of proportion to their importance. Let us hope that common sense will persuade the majority of the present Members of Parliament to legalise the "Totes" on the licensed greyhound racing tracks, and thus do some little towards alleviating the troubles, financial and mental, of their unfortunate constituents.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of.....of which I am a member.

The Gourmet: Conducted

SOME CHICKEN DISHES

CHICKEN TERRAPIN

*

PARISIAN CHICKEN

*

CHICKEN STEWED WITH OYSTERS

*

CHICKEN MOULD

Chicken Terrapin

CUT into rather coarse dice sufficient cold chicken to measure one pint. Put one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan over the fire and stir until it is browned; to this add gradually one cupful of thin cream and stir it until smooth and thick, giving a pale coffee-coloured sauce. Add the chicken, and, when it is heated through, three hard-boiled eggs which have been cut into quarters, three tablespoonsful of sherry, and salt and pepper to season. Take from the fire and serve garnished with olives.

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the February Monthly Medal Competition

For the thirty best net scores, relative to the par of the course played on, returned in each L.G.U. handicap division during the summer months. Fifteen spoons in the winter. Full particulars will be sent on application to this paper.

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "The Bystander" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely — 18 and under in the Silver division. 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Lane	Shirley Park	88	18	70	75	5 below
Miss M. Justice	North Hants	86	13	73	75	2 "
Mrs. Trevor	North Hants	91	17	74	75	1 "
Miss Sutton	North Hants	80	6	74	75	1 "
Mrs. K. Collier	Long Ashton	78	5	73	74	1 "
Mrs. MacLeod	North Hants	82	7	75	75	equal
Miss C. Waite	Market Rasen	84	17	67	67	"
Miss E. Rive	La Moye	87	16	71	70	1 above
Mrs. Tate	Camberley Heath	93	17	76	75	1 "
Mrs. M. Fielding	Blackpool (North Shore)	93	16	77	76	1 "
Mrs. E. R. Dove	La Moye	83	11	72	70	2 "
Miss M. Dixon	Cleveland	90	11	79	76	3 "
Mrs. S. R. Robertson	Camberley Heath	89	10	79	75	4 "
Miss Wooding	Kingsthorpe	91	13	78	74	4 "
Miss Enid Pears	Walmley	84	5	79	74	5 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Mrs. Hartley	Camberley Heath	97	28	69	75	6 below
Mrs. S. F. Roberts	Jodhpur (India)	101	36	65	71	6 "
Mrs. F. Nichols	Aston Wood	107	30	71	77	6 "
Mrs. C. F. Gubbins	La Moye	100	35	65	70	5 "
Mrs. W. A. Hole	La Moye	102	35	67	70	3 "
Mrs. W. H. Miles	Royal Calcutta	99	29	70	73	3 "
Mrs. M. Thomas	Bloxwich	95	25	70	73	3 "
Mrs. M. L. Hughes	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	91	19	72	74	2 "
Mrs. Truscott	Hockley	97	27	70	72	2 "
Miss N. Younger	Langholm	101	25	76	74	2 above
Miss Olive Lowe	Tamworth	97	21	76	73	3 "
Mrs. D. I. Deacon	Hazel Grove	111	32	79	76	3 "
Mrs. Marvin	Cowes	110	33	77	72	5 "
Mrs. Noel Somerset	North Hants	106	26	80	75	5 "
Miss M. Way	Hockley	104	26	78	72	6 "

ROYAL MID-SURREY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 30th, 1933.

"THE BYSTANDER" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Ninth Year)

To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Friday, April 7th, 1933.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* .....and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

by Emilia

Parisian Chicken

CUT up a fowl into joints, place in a pan with three or four tablespoonsful of butter, and fry until nicely browned. Add ¾-lb. of mushrooms, some chopped parsley and a wineglassful of white wine; let all cook gently for about three-quarters of an hour. Put on a dish and pour over a cupful of hot cream. Serve garnished with croûtons.

Chicken Stewed with Oysters

CUT up about 1 lb. of cold chicken. Prepare three dozen good-sized oysters. Put two tablespoonsful of butter and the same of flour into a saucepan, with a pinch each of salt and white pepper. Stir over the fire till mixed, and then add gradually one pint of milk, stirring until thick and smooth. Simmer for three minutes, add the prepared chicken and oysters and stir until the latter are nicely plumped and ruffled. Take at once from the fire, turn into a heated dish and sprinkle with a little finely-chopped parsley.

Chicken Mould

MINCE very finely some cold chicken and mix with it one teaspoonful of minced onion, two teaspoonsful of minced parsley, salt, cayenne pepper, and a very little grated nutmeg. Moisten with one gill of cream (or stock), and add two beaten eggs. Press into a mould and steam for one hour. Set on ice till firm, and turn out.

"The Bystander"

Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES

(11th Year)

HOTELS

The Bystander headquarters will be The Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate, on bus route to Moortown. Inclusive terms for not less than three days, rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 14/- inner rooms, 15/- front rooms. With lunch and tea, 17/6 and 18/6. Free garage to residents.

Granby Hotel, Harrogate. Hotel bus available to connect with Moortown bus. Inclusive terms, meals, baths, rooms, and after-dinner coffee, 14/6 per head. With lunch and tea, 18/6 per head.

Queen Hotel, Harrogate. Rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 15/- per head, or 12/6 without dinner. With all meals, 18/-.

Lion House Private Hotel, West Park, Harrogate, on bus route. Full board residence, £3 3s. per week or 12/6 per day, including baths and after-dinner coffee. Partial board, 9/- per day.

Queen's Hotel, Leeds. Inclusive terms, all meals, room, baths, and after-dinner coffee, 22/- per day or 17/6 without lunch or tea.

Buses every fifteen minutes to and from Harrogate to Moortown: time, 16 minutes; fare, 2/3 return. Leeds to Moortown ditto: time, 12 minutes; fare, 8d. return.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1933, will be held at Moortown, near Leeds, by kind invitation April 25th, and following days.

Holders: MISS BERYL BROWN and MRS. BARBOUR.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N. P. F. A. Competition (2nd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MISS ESTHER BLACK.

In conjunction with THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, will be held by the courtesy of the Club at Sand Moor G. C., adjoining Moortown, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Two shillings entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A., 25% to the Yorkshire West Riding Branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 25th, to Friday, April 28th, inclusive. Cards to be returned by 6 o'clock on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and by 12.30 p.m. on the Friday.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Sand Moor G. C., may decide.

MOORTOWN — NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Eleventh Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, April 7th.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Moortown, near Leeds, on April 25th, 1933, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

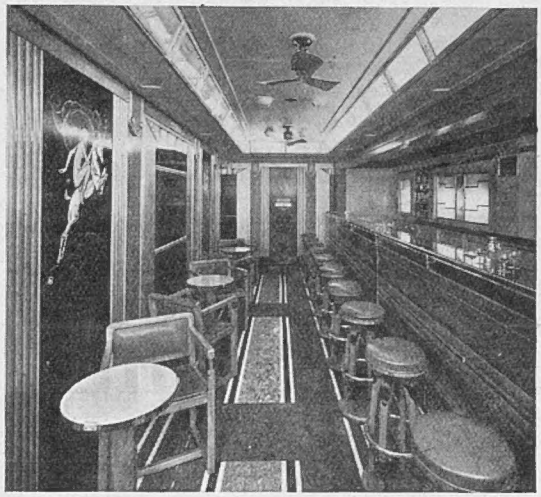
of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 22nd to Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate. Telegrams: Helme Elegance Harrogate. Tel.: 4676 Harrogate.

The Editor's Box



A Cocktail Bar for a "Queen"

The cocktail bar in the Queen of Bermuda, the 22,000-ton luxury liner, built by Furness Withy for the New York-Bermuda service, and now making her maiden trip, was decorated and furnished by Messrs. Hampton. This super-bar, adjoining the first class dining saloon, is as modern as maybe, and deserves to have a special cocktail—the Hampton—invented for it

"The Art of Drinking"

This is the title of the latest booklet from Messrs. Martell and Co., which they further describe as "The Intelligent Man's Guide Through a Wine List (Brandy Section)." The history, production, and uses of Cognac brandy are described, and there are entertaining digressions into such controversial subjects as prohibition and licensing laws. A copy of this booklet, which is illustrated, will be sent, post free, on application to Messrs. Matthew Clark and Sons, Ltd., 14, Trinity Square, E.C.

Another Kind of Drink

Some like their alcohol neat, some like it diluted, and some even drink water: for the two last categories an entirely new British water is now on the market. This is the Harrogate Table Water, a product of their lately-discovered No. 88 spring; it is an entirely natural water, sparkling, and a good mixer, which is more than can be said for a lot of people. No medicinal qualities are claimed for it, but its quality, as well as its British origin, justifies its appeal to the public. It is bottled and aerated by Camwal, Ltd., the sole concessionaires.

For the Man With a Gun

An amazing amount of interesting information has been included in the *Shooter's Year Book*, 1933, a waistcoat-pocket size engagement book, published by Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. It contains ballistic tables, lists of loads, notes on patterns, as well as brief articles on clay pigeon shooting, game population and protection, and so on. Of particular interest are the pages dealing with the new Advisory Game Protection Service, which has been instituted by I.C.I. to help owners of small sporting properties who do not employ gamekeepers. Copies of the book, which should be in the possession of every man with a gun, can be obtained free from gunmakers and ammunition dealers.

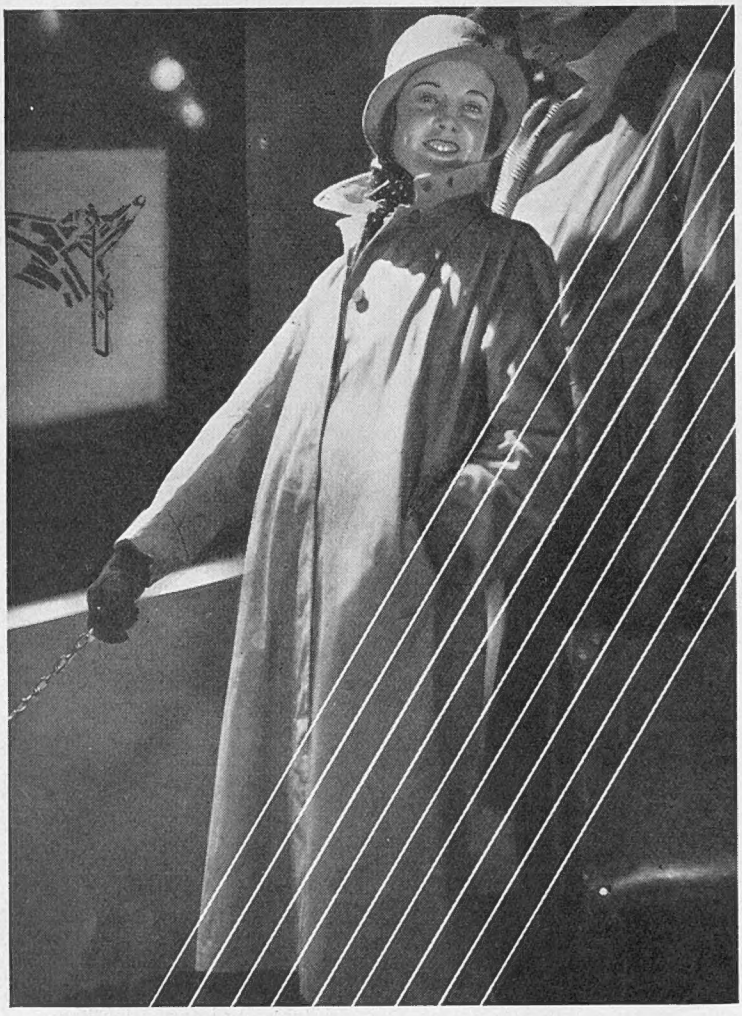
Cruising, A to Z

Every aspect of life at sea, or, anyhow, life on a cruising liner, is included in the Cruising Exhibition at Marshall and Snelgrove, which opened on Monday. Curios that may be collected, clothes that should be worn, and games that are played on board, are shown and demonstrated. These are scale models of state-rooms and swimming-pools, and a huge deck where mannequin parades take place. Lastly, the Canadian Pacific have a staff there to give information on when, where, and how much.

A Correction

Owing to a typographical error, the names under two photographs of débutantes, Miss Chapman Walker and Miss Elizabeth Agnew, on page 431 in last week's issue, were transposed.

IN this inconsequent country of ours everything depends on the whether . . . whether it'll rain or shine or whether it'll do both. But you never need care if you take a Dexter. Light on your arm, dry in a deluge, warm in a wind, cool in the sun, a Dexter is a splendid holiday companion.



Its notable cut and triple proofing will keep it handsome and efficient for many a year to come.

Dexters are contrived in various fashionable fabrics and colourings . . . greys, blues and browns . . . so you can wear your Dexter anywhere, feeling not only 'right' but cool and comfortable as well.

Priced at three guineas . . . and upwards — from specialist outfitters everywhere.

Dexter

BRITISH AS THE WEATHER — BUT RELIABLE

Nell Gwynn

Candles in a setting by MAPLES

Old oak, and brick and pewter — a lovely setting from the past, given that final touch of life and colour by Nell Gwynn Candles.

Nell Gwynn decorative Candles are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed, burn perfectly and can be recommended as a striking decoration for the dining table.

FREE. A booklet on candles for lighting and decoration on request to J. C. & J. Field Ltd. (candlemakers since 1642) Dept. S.11, London, S.E.1.

Nell Gwynn candles can be obtained from leading stores everywhere.

I'VE NEVER HIT THEM SO FAR OR SO STRAIGHT!

This is the New Shaft for irons

We call it the Master because it cannot help but give you greater control, more accurate timing and increased length . . . because the experience, research and expert advice behind lift it right out of the common rut.

Try it and get a new thrill . . . it is a revelation, giving you new confidence, a new sense of power which is no illusion. Golfers of every handicap have their own individual problem to overcome and this new and wider range is designed to meet them all. If you are already using steel shafts for irons, try a Master and see the difference. If they are new to you, go straight on to the best from the first.

Look for this transfer on every shaft. True Temper Master Irons are made in varying degrees of whip and a large variety of attractive finishes, Chromium, Black, light and dark grained enamel, light and dark sheath. Your pro. will gladly let you try them.

TT MASTER STIFF

The point of whip is placed higher so that a greater length of shaft comes into action, thus enormously increasing its driving power on impact with the ball. This also gives sweetness of feel.

The steps are brought closer together, while the diameter of the shaft is increased. This strengthens the shaft, gives you extra control, more power and increased confidence.

Here the diameter of the shaft has been increased, giving greater strength for forcing shots. Balance is improved and the player can "feel the club-head," making easier a grooved rhythmic swing.

TRUE TEMPER

TT MASTER STIFF

MASTER

Look for this transfer on every shaft.

The Steel Shaft for irons

Made for British Steel Golf Shafts Ltd., *of* 26, Exchange St., East, Liverpool, *by* Accles & Pollock, Ltd, of Oldbury, Birmingham

Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic

He Decided to Try the "Tote."

Sir Edward : "Good gracious, Freddy, have a brandy and soda. You look a sight. Been playing Rugger, or just come from a bargain sale ?"

Freddy : "Almost as bad. I've been racing. Decided to try the 'Tote,' took a hundred with me, and before I 'd been on the racecourse five minutes, it had gone—pocket picked."

Sir Edward : "Bad luck or carelessness ?"

Freddy : "Little of each, I suppose. However, that wasn't so serious. I met Bob and borrowed a century from him."

Sir Edward : "A hundred to the bad before the first race."

Freddy : "Yes ; then the trouble started. Got a good tip a few minutes before the 'Off,' dashed to the 'Tote,' found hundreds more, all trying to get on at the last moment ; had a real scrimmage to get my tickets."

Sir Edward : "Most unpleasant. Did you back the winner ?"

Freddy : "Yes ; but I had to queue up in the pouring rain to get my winnings—was barged into right and left, and to cap it all I never backed another winner. You look jolly comfortable. What have you been doing ?"

Sir Edward : "Been sitting here doing in comfort exactly what you 've been trying to do—back winners at 'Tote' prices. What 's more, I 've succeeded in backing four."

Freddy : "Oh ! how did you do it ?"

Sir Edward : "Why, simply by taking advantage of Duggie's wonderful service 'a "Tote" in every Telegraph Office.' He should have added 'in every home,' because 'phoning is as easy as telegraphing."

Freddy : "But how about when you are at the races, one has to go to the 'Tote' then ?"

Sir Edward : "Well, you can wire him whatever you like right up to the 'Off,' and have a 5 % bonus as well. That 's what makes me so *enthusiastic* about Duggie."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.